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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY

JOHN A. GRAY,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE
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JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper,*
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The Palimpsest:

THE NARRATIVE OF A FATALIST.

BY EDWARD SPENCER, OF MARYLAND.

‘HORATIO: Oh! day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

‘HAMLET: And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, HORATIO,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.’

THE PALIMPSEST.

THIS narrative, which I give to the world, will be credited to an ingenious fancy, as perhaps is proper, since it is a proposition by no means untenable, that nothing is real beyond sensation. If so be, however, that tangible things *are* real, then must what I have here to relate be fact only, rather softened than heightened in respect to considerations of coincidence and dramatic effect, and on all occasions toned far below the intense pitch of passion, which was consequent upon the circumstances detailed. This I say simply by the way, with no expectation that I shall be therefore believed, and, at the same time, not the slightest concern whether my narrative be termed true or false, artistic or clumsy. Ere the ‘proof’ of this article shall come to the editor’s hands for correction, he who pens this shall have solved the mystery of the grave, and will have to deal, not with time and its petty concomitants, but with the grand oneness of eternity. This hand, now sufficiently lusty to grasp a pen properly, (though the veins do shine rather blue through the emaciate flesh,) will have been clasped over the hollowed breast, and will have, perhaps, had skin-worms tortuous within the very fingers incapable of any effort to rid them of the noisome presence. Hence it is of little import to me, thus on the threshold of another home, how my recital will be read here, since it is not likely that one faint echo even of ridicule or unbelief will reach me whither I wend. Why, then, some one may ask, do you

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worry yourself about the matter at all? The world will lose nothing that she is conscious of, and you yourself will be spared the trouble of that mental disturbance required to produce a narrative, at any time, and especially since there are other such urgent demands upon you. My reader, reasoning thus, will hear me reply: It is a notion, simply, this of mine, to make public this particular portion of the History of a Fatalist; a notion which has grown into a fixed idea, such a one as possessing itself of one's thoughts, sleeping and waking, becomes finally invincible, and forces us to its accomplishment, if for no other reason than merely to insure mental peace. Death will be to me a boon, in my present condition; but death stands off waiting till I shall have finished this history. To purchase the gift, then, I perform the task. Moreover, let the reader take the narrative as truth, or as fiction, how he will, yet there will be profit to him, if he heeds the eternal truths that are axiomatic therein; truths of precept, and truths of example. For the beginning and end of the lesson is: Take heed of your fatalisms.

In 1837 I was sojourning in Spain, with the view of attaining a more perfect knowledge of the language and literature of that country. At that time, the royal decree of the previous year against monastic institutions was being actively enforced. This decree provided for the sale of all property belonging to these institutions, under the supervision of government officers. It was somewhere about the middle of September of that year, as nearly as I can recollect, when I was in Cordova, that one day walking the streets, I heard a crier proclaim the sale at auction of the effects of the monastery of San José, which I had noticed on entering the city, it being just beyond the suburbs. Having seen the lions pretty generally, I was easily tempted to attend this sale, for lack of something better to do. The monastery was but a poor one, though of long establishment. The monks were mostly old and feeble, and during the sale stood about in shivering groups, looking pitifully helpless, and seeming to desire only death. The long seclusion of their interior life, and the utter default of any excitement upon which to exercise their rusty wits, had rendered them almost imbecile. One of them I particularly noticed: a man apparently four-score years old, with his bent and shrivelled form wrapped in a tattered gown, from which the cowl had been torn off. He was leaning in the dilapidated recess of a Moorish doorway, apart from his fellows, with his beard pressed against his breast by his bowed head, muttering something that might have been a prayer or a malediction. He himself did not strike so much, or rather would not have struck me so much, but for one circumstance. In his withered hand, and half-concealed under his ragged gown, he held a rich missal, bound in vellum, with silver clasps, and elaborately illuminated upon the side exposed toward me. A book of any way singular appearance has always a peculiar fascination for me, and in this case the singularity was enhanced greatly by the contrast between the book and its holder. *It* came

from the past, gorgeous in all the richness of antique magnificence. *He* of the past, had thrust his wretched self upon the present, like a beggar at a king's banquet. *It* seemed a regal ruby 'mid a Pariah's filth, or the great carbuncle in a peasant's hovel. I accosted him, and, after an interchange of civilities, in which he played his part with that suave courtesy and dignified grace, so inimitable in the Spaniard, and which gives to the poor muleteer even, the bearing of a prince, I requested to be permitted to examine his book. He courteously handed it to me; but I noticed that his eye never wandered from it so long as I held it. To my surprise, on opening the book, I found it to be a manuscript, very elaborately finished; a thin octavo in shape, a missal in subject, with the matter written in large letters and double columns, alternately Gothic and Latin in character, and executed in every respect in the highest style of art. It was copiously illuminated in several colors, the title-page particularly being a gorgeous specimen of the art; and its production must have cost many months of assiduous labor. I much desired to possess it; but, on offering to purchase it, the friar hastily took it into his hands, shook his head, and said: 'No, my son; no. I am very poor indeed, but I wish to keep this while I live. It is a relic of the olden time, beside being a holy book, and I value it beyond all price. It has been in our convent since Isabella the sainted reigned, and is mine by old custom, since I am the oldest, though the most unworthy of the brotherhood.'

And he put it carefully under his gown, as a treasure to be jealously hidden. The mention of its antecedents only enhanced its value in my eyes, and I made him several offers, the last one quite a considerable sum; until, seeing that he seemed hurt at my persistence in supposing that he would give his dear old missal up for gold, I desisted.

I had by this time conceived a great desire to possess it, and was greatly chagrined at my unsuccessful efforts; however, putting the best face possible upon the matter, I gave him my address in Cordova, and in Madrid, telling him that if at any time he should change his mind, I would make my last offer a standing one. He smiled, but took the card, and put it between the leaves of his book.

I returned to Cordova, staid there a day or two, and then consumed nearly a month in excursions about the vicinage. The manuscript was become an engrossing idea with me, and my mind was morbidly active in speculations concerning it, until I insensibly came to connect it with myself, and made of it an integral in the final determination of my destinies. I felt convinced somehow, that I was to possess it; that it was to be mine; and, in my hands, resolve some great event, or accomplish some mysterious purpose. I did not reflect upon the absurdity of this notion: men seldom do, I imagine, when they view things from one fixed point, and in the same peculiar light. Philosophers, and dispassionate reviewers,

can very easily account for such persuasions, and point them out as being the result of an imperfect, one-sided analysis; but the *subject* of them seldom looks beyond the fact itself, nor seeks to investigate the *Why* and *Wherefore*. The man of genius — to illustrate the point by an analogy — who is ever *one-sided*, from the excessive preponderance of a single great quality, is not often competent to judge of his own productions, and the maniac considers his wild fancies and absurd actions the sternest, soberest reality.

I was therefore not much surprised, upon my return to Cordova, to find a note had been left at my rooms for me, a day or two previously. It was as follows:

‘If the Señor who wanted an old book at the sale of San José, will call at —, he can get it from Padre Ignacio. For the love of God be quick, for he is dying.’

I immediately went to the place mentioned in the note, and there found the monk. The note spoke truly, in saying he was dying, but gave me no idea of the poverty that surrounded him. He was in a miserable room, with no furniture save the straw bed upon which he lay, and a low stool at the side of the bed. Upon this sat an intelligent-looking lad of maybe fourteen years, his only attendant. The old man greeted me with a faint smile as I entered, and taking my hand, said to the boy: ‘Pedro, I wish to talk awhile alone with this gentleman. Señor,’ continued he, as the boy crept silently out; ‘Señor, as you may easily see, death is very near me. Age, care, and poverty have robbed life of any charms it might have possessed for me, and I am conscious of nothing that gives death any terror to me. One thing has grieved me, however, and I have sent for you, since you have it in your power to do me a vast benefit. Pedro, the little boy who was with me, and has been my faithful nurse and attendant, is the grand-son of my dead brother. In my death, he will lose his last near relative, and will be left entirely destitute. The ties that bind me to him demand an effort for his support. If you will be so kind as to renew the offer you made me, I will gladly let you have my old heir-loom. It was only a foolish affection for a worldly vanity, that kept my duty out of sight on the former occasion. I am too near death now, to regard any thing that belongs to the world. Will you be so kind?’

And he eyed me anxiously as he took the book from the straw, and presented it to me. I gave him the money in silence, and, to escape the profusion of his thanks, bade him a hurried adieu.

A day or two afterward I met Pedro, and from him learned that his uncle had died the evening after my visit.

Now then, thought I, one act in the drama of my fate is finished. Let us see with what instruments destiny intends to work. The book was bound in vellum, doubled and hardened, and the edges turned down, so as to protect the leaves. The illuminations upon it were in black ink, filled in with red and violet. On the title-page, at the bottom, I found these words: ‘This is the work of

brother John, formerly Abdallah the Saracen.* Its contents were such offices as were formerly in use, (I suppose,) all written in the same elaborate style, with many things added in different hands, and apparently at different times. Upon the blank fly leaf (which in itself was unusual, since parchment was at all times precious) among other items uninteresting, was a Latin sentence, in a hand similar to that of the first additions, to this effect: 'This book (*libellum*) is now over one hundred years old.' And a date was affixed to this: '1513 A.D.' There were about one hundred pages in the book, (one hundred and seven, I believe, including the fly-leaf in front, and some dozen blank-leaves at the back,) and of these, the original writing occupied some forty-seven or forty-eight pages, double column. The parchment was of a fine quality, smooth, and free from defects. After sating my curiosity, and gazing in wonder upon its various beauties and unrivalled execution, I packed my treasure carefully in my trunk, whence, on my return home, it was transferred to a drawer in my desk, to lie a long time undisturbed.

But it was fated not to remain forever in its obscurity. It was a more than mortal wonder, fire-armed, which I, obstinately asking should behold but to perish, Semele-like, in the contemplation. Several years had gone by, I have said, during which my studies were steadily continued. Finally they took the direction of mediæval history and literature, which have always possessed wondrous charms for me, both in respect of valiant deeds of knights-errant, and metaphysical subtleties of schoolmen. One day I chanced upon an article in an old review, which reciting the labors of the cloistered monks, mentioned the recovery of many relics of the ancients from palimpsests. I had not known of these previously, and, as I conjecture many of my readers do not understand the bare term, I will quote, in explanation, a passage from the most eloquent rhetorician of the age.† 'It (the word) is Greek; and our sex enjoys the office and privilege of standing counsel to yours, fair reader, in all questions of Greek. We are, under favor, perpetual and hereditary dragomans to you. So that if, by accident, you know the meaning of a Greek word, yet by courtesy to us, your counsel learned in this matter, you will always seem *not* to know it. A palimpsest, then, is a membrane or roll cleansed of its manuscript by reiterated successions. What was the reason that the Greeks and Romans had not the advantage of printed books?' (The author's answer is long; it was, *not* the defect of the invention of printing, but the defect simply of 'a cheap material for receiving impresses.') 'Now out of that original scarcity affecting all materials proper for durable books, which continued up to times comparatively modern, grew the opening for palimpsests. Naturally, when once a roll of parchment, or of vellum, had done its office, by propagating through a

* *Fr. Johan, priusdam Abdallah Moriscus hunc fecit.*

† THOMAS DE QUINCY, in '*Suspiria de Profundis*.'

series of generations what once had possessed an interest for *them*, but which, under changes of opinion or of taste, had faded to their feelings, or had become obsolete for their undertakings, the whole *membrana* or vellum skin, the two-fold product of human skill, costly material, and costly freight of thought which it carried, drooped in value concurrently—supposing that each were inalienably associated to the other. Once it had been the impress of a human mind which stamped its value upon the vellum; the vellum, though costly, had contributed but a secondary element of value to the total result. At length, however, this relation between the vehicle and its freight has gradually been undermined. The vellum, from having been the setting of the jewel, rises at length to be the jewel itself; and the burden of thought, from having given the chief value to the vellum, has now become the chief obstacle to its value; nay, has totally extinguished its value, unless it can be dissociated from the connection. Yet, if this unlinking *can* be effected, then, fast as the inscription upon the membrane is sinking into rubbish, the membrane itself is reviving in its separate importance; and, from bearing a ministerial value, the vellum has come at last to absorb the whole value. . . . Hence it arose in the middle ages, as a considerable object for chemistry, to discharge the writing from the roll, and thus to make it available for a new succession of thoughts. . . . In that object the monkish chemist succeeded; but after a fashion which seems almost incredible, incredible not as regards the extent of their success, but as regards the delicacy of restraints under which it moved; so equally adjusted was their success to the immediate interests of that period, and to the reversionary objects of our own. They did the thing, but not so radically as to prevent us, their posterity, from *undoing* it. They expelled the writing sufficiently to leave a field for the new manuscript, and yet not sufficiently to make the traces of the elder manuscript irrecoverable for us. . . . The traces of each successive handwriting, regularly effaced, as had been imagined, have, in the *inverse order*, been regularly called back; the foot-steps of the game pursued, wolf or stag, in each several chase, have been unlinked, and hunted back through all their doubles, and, as the chorus of the Athenian stage, unwove through the antistrophe every step that had been mystically woven through the strophe; so, by our modern conjurations of science, secrets of ages remote from each other have been exorcised from the accumulated shadows of centuries.' These words, selected from what the author himself calls the 'coruscation of a restless understanding,' will suffice to explain to the reader the thing now first brought into contact with a fancy morbidly quick upon many subjects. Like lighting the thought of my parchment missal flashed through my mind. What if it be a palimpsest? What if upon its pages, hidden, yet throbbing with a passion of high thought, be inscribed some ancient lore, some noble lost monument of antique grandeur! True, it was not a *roll* of the membrane, but I was aware that long

ere the fourteenth century, the suppository date of my manuscript, the book form was known and used. I took it from the drawer where it had lain quietly in its unsuspected exuberance of merit, as I fancied, brushed off the dust, and read again the title-page. Abdallah, a Saracen convert to Christianity: fruitful name! A Spanish Moor, too. Why, the Moors in Spain were among the most elegant and accomplished people the world ever saw. Cordova: there sojourned the most learned Geber; there dwelt and died the great Averrhoes. Avenzoar, too, lived near by, in Seville; and Ebusina taught there. There was every art cultivated and made perfect. What if here some adept has concealed the wondrous problem of the 'red perfection,' the philosopher's stone! What if here one may learn the secret of that fluid in whose quest Ponce de Leon died! What if in this volume is locked up every potent exorcism of Solomon the wise, by which the genii and the devils may be made to do my bidding! Here, perchance, one may find a solution of that deftly-hidden enigma that Hermes contrived and wrote of in this mystic fashion: 'It ascends from earth to heaven, and descends again to earth.' And again: 'This thing is the fortitude of all fortitude, because it overcomes all subtle things, and penetrates every solid thing.'

And then I began to reflect, putting the question to myself in this form: Here is a whole train of ideas and suppositions, whose sole basis is the having come into possession of an (apparently) old manuscript, very handsomely illuminated, whose author calls himself Abdallah, and is very probably a swindler; and also, from the having read something about palimpsests. Does not the affair smack somewhat of absurdity?

To this I made answer with myself after this fashion: Look at this matter a little more closely, and behold how coherent a train of circumstances you have. Remember your original idea that this manuscript was to be instrumental in determining your destiny. And can you not already detect a thread of purpose running through all the attendant incidents? See what a chain of antecedents led you to this book. Spain — seldom visited by travellers; Cordova — who stays three months *there*, as you did? Was it by chance that you were there upon the plaza in time to hear the crier? that you were persuaded to attend the sale at San José? Did not all your friends in Cordova laugh at you for it, until Don Rafael promised you an introduction to his mistress out of pure charity, esteeming you so *ennuyé* that you had gone to the auction as the *dernier resort* of a desperate desire for some new excitement? Again: that book — why did you fancy it so much, that you were even half-minded, had you had the chance, to *steal it*? What, finally, directed your so opportune return to the city?

And thus did I reason myself into the belief that the hand of destiny was every where visible in the matter. The moist clay is easily moulded, and I was very open to such persuasion. I defy any one possessing a like temperament with mine, to have arrived

at any other conclusion, under the same array of circumstances. It is very well to take a philosophical view of matters, *when you are able*, but there are many states of mind when it is impossible so to do. Presentiments are unaccountable, yet of singular influence. Who is it has not heard something of

‘Ancestral voices prophesying war?’

Cæsar heeded not the warning within him, and fell at ‘the base of Pompey’s statue.’ Mozart let the weird strain melt into his soul; and his requiem is become his eternal monument. Yet Cæsar’s was the safer course, in the majority of cases. All this was ordained to me, as the reader will see. And I repine not:

— ‘THERE does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night’

of every grief and woe. The profounder and more abysmal the depth into which we may be hurled, the brighter seem the stars over-head.

At any rate, climaxed Reason, it can do no harm to investigate. And so I resolved to subject my missal to such a chemical scrutiny as could not fail to be decisive of the truth or falsity of my persuasions.

I therefore, with industrious zeal, sought to master all the processes by which manuscripts could be restored. An enumeration of these I found in the above-mentioned review, and a full explanation in the voluminous pages of a German Encyclopedia. In a very short time I considered myself sufficiently master of the subject to proceed with my investigations. Not willing uselessly to injure the manuscript, by which I set great store, apart from the attributes with which my fancy had invested it, I had taken it in my hands with the purpose of cutting out one of the leaves in the latter portion of the book, where the execution was very inferior, when, by some mischance I dropped it out of the window near which I was sitting. It fell upon a stone-paving, but was uninjured, save that the one leaf containing the sentence relative to the age of the book before mentioned, was altogether detached. On examination, I found that this was a separate piece of the membrane, not any portion of a sheet, and had been merely stuck in by means of some gummy preparation. This circumstance induced me to make the detached leaf the subject of my experiment. The process succeeded. I immediately detected letters, and was able to evolve a coherent sentence. The letters were the same as those of the original manuscript, and the purport of the page as follows: *‘Hic quidem summana manum meæ Historiæ impono. Meus hæres hæc studiose evolvet, semper habens in mentem, rei enodatis ipsa rē sit, atque illum defendet Deus fatorum.*

ABDALLAH, med. mor.

‘Anno Hejira, DXXXVI.

‘Has omnes vanitates Iohannes, Dei gratiā humillissimus

monachus, in eternum deponit, iturus Hispaniam se referre in numerum fratrum conventi Sancti Josephi Asturiæ.

'Anno Domini MCLVIII.'

Translated literally as follows :

'Here indeed I put the last touch to my history. My *heir* will studiously consider these things, always keeping in mind that *the solution (or the unravelling) of the thing is in the thing itself*, and may the God of the fates protect him. In the year of the Hejira, 536.

'All these vanities, John, by the grace of God a most humble monk, forever puts away, being about to enrol himself among the brothers of the convent of Saint Joseph of Asturia.

'ABDALLAH, Moorish Physician.

'Anno Domini, 1158.'

D E S P A I R .

I.

MOURNFULLY, silently, falls the snow
Through the still and wintry air,
And in my heart a voice of wo
Ever whispers, Despair, despair !

II.

I look abroad on the dreary earth ;
Vice and crime are every where :
Then back o'er the long years since my birth,
And cry again, Despair, despair !

III.

Once I was beautiful, young, and true,
Without a sin, without a care ;
Love tinted all with his rosy hue,
Then fled, and left me dark despair.

IV.

At last a fierce revenge I wrought
Upon my lover, false as fair ;
But since that hour my haunting thought
Has been remorse, and long despair.

V.

Now I am feeble, poor, and old,
Without a friend my heart to share.
Before me the grave yawns dark and cold :
What lies beyond ? despair, despair !

THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

THE British Parliament is certainly one of the most stupendous political engines ever put in motion; and I do not wonder John Bull is so proud of his Parliament as '*an Institution.*' Go where you will in Europe, you can find nothing amounting even to its shadow. It contains men of such varied habits, such multifarious acquirements, and such different views. The subjects that come before it for discussion and resolution are so vast and so interwoven with each other, that the great miracle is, how it gets on at all.

No wonder, then, John Bull is so proud of his two houses of Parliament. And is there an American, who draws his pleasures from those 'pure wells of English undefiled,' that first burst forth in Chancer's glowing scenes, in Spenser's radiant verse, or Milton's loftiest strains, but feels his blood course quicker through his veins, as he stands within the shadows of that magnificent legislative temple England has dedicated to the use of her two Houses of Parliament? Close to him, not many paces removed, beneath the pavement of Westminster Abbey, is enshrined the sacred dust of Chancer and of Spenser.

The old building in which the Parliament assembled for centuries was destroyed by fire some twenty years ago. A pile more commodious and elegant now stands upon the site; but with all its elegance and splendor, one feels naturally a regret that he cannot invoke the associations that must have haunted that time-honored pile, whose halls once reëchoed the voices of Walpole, Chatham, the younger Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, Sheridan, and Burke. Other patriots, statesmen, and orators will no doubt arise to make this spot as famous in the eyes of generations yet to be, as the old would have been in the eyes of the present. But to the tourist of to-day, familiar with the glories of the past, this chasm of historic association is, alas! wanting.

In front of the magnificent pile now erected for the assembled wisdom of the nation, and which most certainly is a fitting type of its greatness, while it is no mean tribute to the architectural magnificence of the present age, there stands an old stone building, with quaint, narrow windows, low doors, and curious turrets. It is the last remnant of the walls of old Westminster Palace, almost just as it was in the days of King Rufus, of traditional and fabulous Norman hospitality. This glorious old hall, with its stirring history written upon the walls, and its interior alive with memories of the deepest historic interest, forms a most appropriate entrance to the new Houses of Parliament.

But ere we enter, let us linger for a space in Palace-Yard, now forming the square opposite the entrance to this ancient hall. This spot has been rendered ever memorable as the scene of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh; and I never crossed its well-worn flag-stones without recalling, in imagination, that memorable morning when the brave old knight came from the Tower to die, having proved by his serene piety and saintly patience during a long confinement, the truth of his own beautiful lines:

‘That stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage.’

There was an anxious but orderly crowd in Palace-Yard on that calm, bright morning of the twentieth-seventh October, 1618. Every window and house-top seemed alive with the populace of London and its vicinity. Through the long and narrow streets by which the mournful procession passed from the Tower on to the place of execution, was one dense struggling mass, who had come to see an old man, broken by the storms of fate, borne onward to his doom. It was nine in the morning when Raleigh ascended the scaffold. He had suffered some days from fever-and-ague; and lest the weakness of his body should be considered a weakness of the soul, he stepped forward immediately to the front of the scaffold, and addressing those around it, said: ‘I desire, my friends, that you will bear with me withal, and if I should manifest any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady, as this is the hour when it is wont to come on.’ After some preliminaries, he remarked to his friends immediately around him: ‘I have a long journey to go, and will bid you farewell.’ And so turned himself to make ready for his fate. Asking the executioner to show him the axe, and perceiving that he hesitated, he said quickly: ‘Prithee let me see it, man! do you think that I am afraid?’ The officer then handed it to him, and he, running his finger along the glittering edge, said smilingly: ‘This is a sharp medicine, but a most sovereign remedy for all diseases.’ Being asked which way he would lay his head upon the block, he uttered that memorable and beautiful sentence: ‘It matters not, so the heart be straight, which way the head lieth.’ Then bending himself to his fate:

‘No man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul;
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan,
And darkness swept across the sky:
The work of death was done.’

The hoary head that then fell upon the scaffold, was carried away in a mourning-coach to his disconsolate widow, to whom he had addressed those beautiful and affecting letters from the Tower. She had it embalmed, kept it by her during life, and after death,

by her directions, it was placed by the side of her body in St. Margaret's Church.

A few years ago the vault was opened, and there, still enshrined in its casket, was found the embalmed head of the poet, philosopher, orator, and sage, possessing the countenance very little impaired and quite life-like.

But let us enter Westminster Hall, on our way to the chambers of the two Houses of Parliament, and in doing so, recall the leading incidents in its history. Looked at as a banqueting-hall, here have taken place nearly all the coronation feasts of England from the commencement of the fourteenth century, down to that sumptuous and magnificent feast on the coronation of George the Fourth, so graphically described by the historical painter, Haydon. Here, too, the ancient Parliaments of the realm were wont to sit, and here the first representation of the people assembled in Parliament as early as the reign of the Third Henry. Here Sir William Wallace was condemned for treason, here Sir Thomas More was arraigned, and Protector Somerset brought to trial, 'with bills, pole-axes, and halberds attending him, while the clamor of the people might be heard to the Long-Acre, beyond Charing-Cross.' Here, more illustrious than all, Charles the First faced his accusers, and heard unmoved the sentence of death; and last, and more brilliant than all, here Hastings underwent his seven years' trial. Under its pavement, where the vaults are now, were the celebrated taverns, Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory; frequented in the olden time by lawyers and lawyers' clerks. In Ben Johnson's 'Alchemist,' Dapper is forbidden 'to break his fast in Heaven and Hell.' And Hudibras alludes to them in his lines:

'Faire Heaven at the end of Hell.'

The present law-courts are held in chambers on the western side of this hall.

A large arch-way on the left of the farther extremity of the hall, a stone stair-case admits you to the new structure, or Palace of Westminster, as it is sometimes called, and discloses to your view St. Stephen's Hall. Tread reverently, for you stand, on entering here, upon the site of the old House of Commons. The space it occupies is as renowned in the world's history as old Rome's senate hall. A row of huge pedestals flanks the wall on the right and left, ornamented with statues of England's greatest and best. There you may discern the furrowed brow of Selden; the handsome, manly face of Hampden, with the rich curls clustering about his massive temples; the thoughtful countenance of Falkland; and the manly forms of Walpole, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Burke, all standing there in mute majesty upon the very spot which, living, was the theatre of their world-wide fame. And see how those great compartments that separate the statues are eloquently alive with historic frescoes, illustrative of England's past glory. Here you may behold the sitting of the Wittenage

mote, the earliest Saxon council, and there the feudal system finds an illustration in the homage of the barons to William the Conqueror. On the one side, you have the crowning of Henry the Seventh at Bosworth over the dead body of Richard, when Lord Stanley, the descendant of Cadwallader, ascended the hill, now known to tourists as 'Crown Hill,' and proclaimed him conqueror and king. On the other side, the signing of the Magna Charta. Here the Reformation is typified in the incident of Elizabeth receiving the Bible in Cheapside; while in close vicinity, you may notice the burly form of Sir Thomas More, asserting and defending the privileges of the Commons against Cardinal Wolsey. Above these frescoes are ranges of windows of most cathedral-like proportions, gorgeous with stained glass, glowing in amber, violet, and ruby hues, and

'Filling the air around with beauty.'

The fact that this stained glass is the work of modern skill, refutes the common assertion, that this beautiful art is comparatively lost. The skill whose cunning fingers wrought these marvellous colors, might compass designs of any magnitude, either in the illumination of tracery, or the complicated groupings of history, without receding from the point of excellence attained by the most renowned masters. Indeed it may well be questioned, whether the annealing of glass in the age of Albert Durer, was comparable to those processes of modern chemistry, of which the latest glass-stainers have been enabled to avail themselves.

Passing through the magnificent arch at the other end of this superb hall, you find yourself in the central rotunda of the pile, whose exquisite proportions and enrichment excite at once your warmest admiration. It is octagon in its shape, while the grained roof, with its huge bosses, rivals any specimens of the Gothic in England, and I believe has the largest space of any in Europe; that is, of any composed entirely of stone, as this is. The massive walls divide the inner into eight principal divisions. Rich clusters of columns rise between each of the alternating series, and form round the entire hall eight grand arches. Every thing around breathes an atmosphere of richness and repose. Taking the archway on your left, you pass through a short but noble-looking corridor, with a most elaborately groined roof of stone. This corridor conducts us to the lobby of the New House of Commons. This lobby boasts a magnificent roof of carved wood, while the entire surface of its walls is enriched with the various resources of architectural taste and skill. That little green-baize door by the side of one of the arches, leads up into what is known as the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. Ascend a few steps, and you are looking down upon a spot which occupies a most conspicuous place in the mental vision of the civilized world. It is a much smaller apartment than that occupied by our present House of Representatives at Washington, but infinitely superior to it, as far as

appropriateness and good taste are concerned. The size is as small as possible for speaking and hearing without effort, during the average attendance of members, in number about three hundred. I believe it is some seventy-five feet long, forty feet wide, and about forty feet high: in much better proportion than our American Hall, which, owing to its immense size, dwarfs the ceiling, and gives a crushed look, if I may use the word, to the whole chamber. The ceiling of the House of Commons is divided by massive ribs into compartments, filled with ground-glass tinted with the rose. Behind this are placed the gas-lights, with Faraday's patent ventilation, cutting off all connection between the gas and air of the apartment, the vitiated air being conveyed away by tubes into a chamber above the ceiling. The floor of the House is of perforated cast-iron, covered with matting, through which hot and cold air are admitted, by means of machinery below. The walls are panelled with oak two-thirds up, most richly and elaborately carved, and giving a grave and sober aspect to the whole chamber, suitable to the character of the deliberative body that occupy it. The windows are filled with stained glass of rather a cloudy pattern, while rows of emblazoned shields extend all round the chamber under and above the gallery, and are the only gleams of gorgeous coloring vouchsafed to the House. Upon three sides are galleries for members and strangers, the reporters' gallery being at the north end, over the speaker's chair, which is a sort of canopied throne, while still higher than the reporters' gallery may be noticed a latticed one for ladies, who look, through the bars, for all the world like the inmates of some Eastern Harem, from their guarded and iron-grated windows. Right and left of the public entrance on the floor, the benches or sofas of the members ascend amphitheatre fashion, covered with red morocco; but there are no desks, and therefore none of that school-room look presented by our legislative chambers. The ministerial seats, as they are called, are the front benches to the right of the speaker; the leaders of the opposition occupying the front benches directly opposite. Below the speaker's chair is the clerk's table, whereon, during the sittings of the House, is placed the speaker's mace; not, however, as generally supposed, 'the fool's bauble,' which Cromwell ordered to be taken away, but the mace that was made at the Restoration. Along both sides of the House are what are known as 'division lobbies,' ayes west, and noes east; a most capital arrangement.

Returning to the octagon hall by which we gained entrance to the House, and passing through a corresponding corridor, like that we have mentioned as leading to the Commons, we reach the lobby of the House of Peers, with gilded arch above arch, painted with the armorial devices of Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian lines, each surmounted by a royal crown. The windows above are richly painted with the arms of the early families of the English aristocracy. You pause, startled by the

magnificence that every where surrounds you. Colors glow and gilding burns. The windows are ablaze with glass stained with the richest hues: silver, crimson, and azure tints fleck the glowing encaustic tile-pavement at your feet; gold, crimson, and blue stain the walls that intervene between them. Gates of massive brass, and richly floriated design, eleven feet high, and weighing a ton-and-a-half, open from this splendid lobby, to admit you into the House of Peers.

And here nothing has been left undone that taste could suggest, or art perfect, to make this chamber a visible type of the order to which it belongs. The windows are twelve in number, glowing with glass of the richest pattern. The massive ribs of the ceiling are like so many bars of gold. At the upper end of this magnificent chamber is the throne, elevated on steps, covered with a carpet of the richest scarlet, powdered with white roses, and a heavy rich fringe of gold. Beneath its light and elegant canopies, you notice the central chair for Her Majesty; that on the right for the Prince of Wales, and that on the left for Prince Albert. The Queen's chair of state rests upon four lions couchant; the back is bordered with large egg-shaped pieces of crystal, within which are the royal arms of England embroidered on velvet.

At each end of the chamber, over the throne, and over the corresponding lofty canopy facing it, three arches of most stately space enshrine frescoes emblematic of some prominent event in English history, while between the windows, and in each of the four corners, in appropriate niches, are colossal statues of bronze-gilt, of those brave Barons who wrung that great concession of Magna Charta from King John. The body of the chamber is occupied with sofas for the Peers, covered with rich crimson, and similarly arranged with those of the House. At the south end is the clerk's table, and beyond it the wool-sacks, covered with crimson cloth, upon which the chancellor reposes when he presides in the House of Peers. Lord Campbell tells us the origin of this remarkable piece of furniture. Having premised that there are wool-sacks for the judges and other dignitaries, as well as for the Lord Chancellor, he says: 'They are said to have been introduced as seats for honorable men, out of compliment to the staple manufacture of the realm.'

Such are the chambers where the Two Houses of Parliament legislate. It would take a volume to describe the reading-rooms, libraries, committee-rooms, the speaker's chambers, refreshment-rooms, and halls, composing this vast pile. They are all of corresponding splendor with those I have described, and the entire structure is in every way worthy the power, magnificence, and wealth of the great nation that created it.

Burlington, N. J.

L I T T L E E L S I E .

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

WHITHER going, little *ELSIE*?
Wherefore leave the garden lawn,
Now the shades of even darken,
And the day is almost gone?
Since the morn-break you've been romping
In the pasture and the glen,
And now down the mountain path-way
Comes your father with the men;
First of all, he'll ask for *ELSIE* —
What shall mother tell him then

You may tell him that I only
Have gone up the mountain side,
Just beyond the berry thicket,
Where they say the fairies hide;
And then tell him I've been playing
With the flocks the live-long day,
Dancing with the little lambkins
Right upon his new-mown hay:
But that now I've gone in search of
My pet lamb that's run away.

Do n't go now to look for *DAISY*,
ELSIE, wait until the morn,
You'll be wakened bright and early,
By your father's bugle-horn.

No, no, mother! I will hasten
While there's yet a bit of day,
Just along the mountain path-way,
Calling *DAISY* all the way:
For I could not sleep a minute,
Knowing she was out astray.
I'll be back before my father
Misses me from near his chair:
I have something sweet to tell him,
Something good for him to share;
But if he keeps asking for me,
Just step to the garden door,
And look up the mountain path-way,
Call my name and nothing more,
And in less than half a minute
I'll be coming in the door.

DAISY! DAISY! are you climbing
O'er the rocks, adown the glen?
DAISY! DAISY! will you ever
Frollic by my side again?

Here comes HENRIC from the pasture,
Driving home his father's herd ;
How his whistle rings out clearly,
Like the carol of a bird ;
If he calls me pretty ELSIE,
Shall I dare to speak a word ?

Heigh ho ! ELSIE, whither going ?
Did you come to meet with me ?
I was wishing just this minute
That you on the road would be.

Fie ! fie ! HENRIC ! you are fibbing,
You've not thought of me to-day,
Else you'd been up to the pasture,
Helping toss the new-mown hay.
I am going now to look for
DAISY, that has run away :
I shall search the clover pasture,
And along the river-brink,
And if I go home without her,
Oh ! I shall not sleep a wink.

I'd go with you, but the cattle
Must be driven home ere night,
And see now the lamps are lighted,
And the stars are most in sight.
Hasten, ELSIE, on the morrow
We shall meet again — good night !

DAISY ! DAISY ! hear me, DAISY !
Come back to your home again.
Down this narrow path, I'm thinking,
She has gone into the glen ;
I will follow, calling loudly,
And perhaps she'll hear me then.
I'll not fear, for mother tells me
God did make those flowers fair :
He that made them fair has surely
Put them in some angel's care,
And so every tiny blue-bell
Has a watching angel there.

This deep gorge is black and lonely,
And I almost feel afraid,
For I've heard that elfins revel
Every night-fall in its shade,
And perhaps I now shall see them,
And can prove the story true,
That the fays have robes of sun-shine,
And their eyes are bright and blue ;
But I first must find my lambkin —
DAISY ! DAISY ! where are you ?

Oh ! the elfs are calling DAISY !
I did hear them down the steep,
Where they say 't is night at noon-day,
Where the silence is so deep,

They are hunting for my pet lamb,
DAISY! DAISY! they did call:
If I creep down very softly,
I shall see the king and all!

Tell me, good wife, where is *ELSIE*,
Much I miss the child to-night:
All this day the merry chirper
Has not once been in my sight.

I will call her, she has only
Gone a very little way,
Looking for her pet-lamb *DAISY*,
That did wander off to-day.

ELSIE! ELSIE! hasten homeward!
Come, your father asks for you!
ELSIE! ELSIE! night is coming,
Very heavy falls the dew.

Here comes *HENRIC* with the cattle:
Prithee tell me, did you see
ELSIE on the mountain-pathway;
Can you tell me where she be?
Do not blush, but answer quickly,
For my heart beats fearfully.

Yes: I met her where the torrent
Sweeps beneath the ruined pile,
And she told me of lost *DAISY*,
As we talked a little while.
She was sure that she would find her,
Ere the dawn of morning light;
Then I stood and watched her going,
After we had said, good night;
And behind the blasted lindens
Disappeared her dress of white.

Down the valley? tell me, *HENRIC*:
Did you see her venture there?
Oh! that my one cherished lambkin
Should so need a mother's care!
Hasten, *ALERT!* up the mountain,
If you'd see our child again.
She has gone adown the valley,
Where her feet have never been,
And the night is closing darkly,
And the sky looks black and grim!
Hasten, *ALERT!* for the thunder
Mutters o'er the mountain's peak,
And the hemlocks swing their branches,
And dark omens seem to speak.

I will follow after *ALERT*:
Why need I to fear the storm?
For my hearth is cold and dreary
When my little one is gone.
If my sun-beam should be stolen,
What could keep my bosom warm?

Gracious FATHER, stay my spirit :
Let me not go sorrow-wild :
Help me trust that THOU, in mercy,
Wilt watch o'er my darling child.
Yea: I know that THOU dost hear me ;
Yet I cannot help but weep,
For my heart is breaking, breaking,
As the shadows o'er it creep :
Hearken ! hearken ! down the valley
Did I hear a lambkin's bleat ?

O my ALERT ! Heaven aid you !
You are pale as pale can be !
Here is DAISY, close beside you ;
But my darling : where is she ?
Hear the thunder curse the mountains
That frown grimly back in scorn :
O kind Heaven ! O my ALERT !
What will shield her from the storm ?

Lift her gently ; do not shudder
O'er that plump and dimpled cheek :
Press the eye-lids down more closely,
Just as if they fell in sleep.
Bind the little arms and bosom,
That are crushed and bleeding so.
Part the pretty curls so matted,
On her forehead pure as snow
And from out this elfish cavern
Bear her mournfully and slow.

Ope the cottage-door as softly
As would *ELSIE*, if she came,
Glad with smiles, to tell her mother
DAISY was at home again.
Look ye sadly on poor HENRIE,
Whose young heart is like to break ;
Speak a soothing word of comfort,
For the little *ELSIE*'s sake.

Lay your burden on the pillow,
Where she's slumbered sweet ere this ;
Treasure whispers from high heaven,
When you give the parting kiss :
Leave the mother: she'll not miss you
From the chamber of her dead.
All the hope her bosom nourished
Clustered round that flaxen head
That is resting now so meekly
On the little snowy bed.

Break no whisper to the father,
Who with wailing marks the track
That his dear pet lamb has taken,
Never more to wander back.
When the morn with rosy fingers
Leadeth forth the new-born day,
Bear ye from that lonely cottage
ELSIE's little form of clay :
Lay it in the meadow's bosom,
Where the lambkins are at play.

Rochester, (N. Y.)

Z e l d a .

A TALE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE CONVENTICLE.

ONLY a year before the events related in preceding chapters, Sir Henry, just returned from a tour on the continent, wearied of old forms of worship and government, had adopted the Puritan faith.

Youth is ever prone to extremes of belief, and the new convert, despite his father's wrath and his king's displeasure, frequented assemblies of Covenanters, even when, driven by Cavaliers from all public haunts, they held their meetings in hollows of the rocks.

Still his religion was only of the head; his heart had never humbled itself to the child-like docility, expressly enjoined upon followers of his sect; neither did he place implicit confidence in the tenets it presented for his acceptance.

While his mind was yet inquiring after truth, the Quakers began to promulgate their sentiments, and, nothing daunted by the opprobrium heaped on them, the youthful heir of Ludlow Castle resolved to judge for himself of their wonderful illuminations.

They were even more despised than the Round-heads, considered out-casts from society, and hunted to the death by reckless troops of Royalists.

Sir Henry, obtaining audience of a chief man among these religionists, gained knowledge of their secret place of worship among remote ledges along the wild coast of Dorsetshire, to be approached by a somewhat painful journey on foot. But in those times, when fires of holy zeal burned high, the arduous access only heaped fuel upon flames already kindled in many hearts; so that within the self-hewn chapel old and young presented themselves — the more aged borne over rocks (thus they averred in their 'out-pourings') by an invisible power, which enabled them to scale perpendicular heights sans fatigue, and descend into abysses without sense of dizziness.

Thither Sir Henry directed his steps, just as streams and meadows were donning night-robes of mist, for these people dared congregate only under cover of darkness. He had but a dim idea of what he sought, nor would have been surprised to hear ravings meaningless as those within the precincts of a mad-house.

He paused on the height above their rendezvous, struck by the picturesque scene, albeit unused to meditate the handiwork of a divine ARCHITECT. Before him spread the British Channel, whose far-away waters kissed the border of the sky and cooled the tired

feet of the ever-journeying stars, the deep above and deep below mingling in one immeasurable gulf of darkness.

Breakers were dashing along the shore in eager strife with the edict, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be staid;' while the eternal din of their passion went up strong and clear as that which evermore swells from out the human soul. The towering rocks of the coast lay like an army of giants in the pale star-light, on whose heads the soft hands of Night were pressed in silent benediction.

A stream leaping from point to point, had apparently, at some prior period when its bed was broader and deeper than now, hollowed the ravine wherein the conventicle was holden. The eminence he occupied overlooked the assembly, and after his gaze had received all distant features of the view, it tarried upon the figures below, surrounded in their retreat by a complete wall of limestone. Several hardy trees found sustenance among clefts of the precipices and scattered fragments of rock, around whose bases the young stems shot upward in wayward troops, as they will do when beyond reach of the husbandman's restricting hand.

Upon stone benches, that Nature had arranged according to her own taste, sat the proscribed people under the flickering gleams of pine torches, fastened in interstices of the wall, and throwing over some of the brethren and sisters an illumination quite as powerful as that they professed to receive from the inward light; deepening the shadows in other spots, till the eye was unable to discover whether any of this spiritual family were there deposited. A grave decorum pervaded the congregation, seeming to the gazer no less motionless than inanimate things beside them; no gay costume awoke associations of other days or other circles; their gray garb accorded well with time and place, and Sir Henry could hardly persuade himself that it was not all the phantasm of a dream.

While he contemplated the novel scene, a youth climbed the ascent to convoy him down its path, and by a silent gesture assigned his place among the worshippers.

A woman of stately presence was holding forth on topics of vast grandeur and abstruse philosophy. Her sonorous voice was tuned with the waters, filling their chapel with music while discoursing of a divine principle within, of a ray from the fountain of light sufficient to guide man away from paths of evil, and lure him toward that goodness which alone can beautify his life on earth.

Her thoughts were all gilded by a fervid fancy; and when at length she spoke of immediate revelations vouchsafed to mankind from shining ranks of intelligences that link the poor creatures of a day with an Infinite Power, Sir Henry looked to see if on the wings of night there rode not spirits glittering with celestial lustre.

The imagination of her hearers was wrought to its highest pitch, and through the outward placidity they strove to maintain, their

inward emotion was betrayed by glistening eyes and deep-drawn breath.

The eloquence of the speaker was a galvanic battery, whose wires, grasped by the assembly, caused a magnetic thrill to pervade every heart, binding together as 'friends' those who had shared the exaltation of the hour.

In her dignified demeanor she seemed hardly to have stepped aside from the true province of woman; any attention she attracted was not to herself, but to the high subjects in which she was shrouded as with a veil. She recalled to Sir Henry, Sappho in a moment of inspiration, or Corinna at the Capitol, improvising before a spell-bound people.

Like others of her auditory, he yielded to her magic persuasion, till hardly knowing whether he were in the body or out of it, he demanded sympathy from his equals. The same need pervaded the place, for involuntarily those who occupied the little benches drew near together, scanning each other's glowing faces, as upon the Mount of Transfiguration the fishermen might have gazed at the new beauty given them that radiant day.

Seated next Sir Henry was a damsel, whom at a glance he recognized as the daughter of the orator, so exactly her brilliant face and flashing eyes were copied. The color came and went on the cheeks of this young girl like the swift changes of an Aurora in the evening sky; her frame was more tremulous than the leaves of an alder-bush just above her, and fear for her reason at once brought her companion down from the clouds, on whose rose-colored tips the whole company were flying.

He took her hand very quietly, searching meanwhile the medicine-chest of his cranium for some mental opiate. But before he found the required label, his fair neighbor warbled forth such a rich melody that the very torch-flames swayed hither and thither in delight. Sir Henry hearkened enraptured to the sweet sounds that moved his soul more deeply than had the mother's eloquence. Shielding his face in the small hand retained by his own, he permitted a delirium of bliss to penetrate his spirit with that flood of song.

So she dispensed the burden of her romantic enthusiasm; and after the echo of her tones had died away, silent as dews of heaven was that isolated band hour by hour, till an elder, blessing the fraternity, bade each return to his home.

The morning was just opening her eyes as Sir Henry entered his apartment, and sought repose amid longings for the ensuing conventicle of Quakers. He might be pardoned, for the most unspeculative mathematician could hardly have resisted the softening influences of beauty and song, beneath the summer stars of England.

Time passed on: again and again did the young heir re-seek those cliffs, giving ear to bewildering inspirations from rosy lips, and (always that small hand resting in his) hearkening to the

ocean's organ-notes, to the piping of running waters, to the silent but not unfelt music of the spheres.

Whenever an 'inward light' would have warned him from so dangerous excitement, he placed the extinguisher of a head-strong will upon the 'divine ray,' and followed the *ignis-fatuus* of self-indulgence.

At length came nights of moon-light; and then the chapel needed no longer red torch-fires to quiver against its rocks, for the queen of the silver bow had shot an arrow of brightness toward the spot; it lay on the gushing cascade in chrystal sheen, and strewed the hollow with diamonds, and filled the soft-eyed moss with gladness.

You may smile if you will, but few are wholly sane when the moon shines bright. We may each have our peculiar lunacy, as we have each a besetting sin. With some it may end in mere inability to sleep; with others — HEAVEN grant them a healing cup, for Earth offers only bitter dregs of sorrow — it may amount to a frantic rage, in whose midst the most idolized friend may be harmed. Think of sweet, true-hearted Mary Lamb, whom we all welcome so readily to our hearth-stones, how her days were enwrapped with blackness, and she so gentle!

The young, say the wiselings, are most subject to the lunacy of love. Whether they are right in their oft-repeated verdict, let us not presume to decide; but there can be no doubt of Sir Henry's frenzy on the last evening we shall enter the conventicle.

There had been great exaltation that night, and now a stillness had come, in whose profundity one might almost hear the beat of Luna's 'unseen feet which only the angels hear.'

Still retaining that small hand, Sir Henry whispered to the rustic out-law: 'Sweet Dorcas, of a surety, thy lips will never say me nay when I ask thee to be my own fair bride?'

She lifted her eyes to his face as she answered: 'I will not say thee nay.'

'Wilt thou speak forth before the congregation?'

'Yea, in presence of them all.'

He raised her from their stone bench, and advancing to the chapel's centre, they repeated the simple words that bound them in Quaker marriage. There was no token of surprise exhibited; no question of prudence raised; but quietly the pair returned to their places, and the mother of the bride, forgetting petty interests of time, soared into an upper stratum of glory.

Group by group the brethren departed, and when the morning star was bright in the east, only Sir Henry and Dorcas remained, her head resting wearily on his arm, and the flashing light in her eyes growing soft as she responded to his earnest look.

Bending toward her, he said: 'Dorcas, thou art my wife.'

He had for answer the deepening flush of her cheeks, so he stooped more low, till on her ruby lips rested his own, while before them both rose a fairy-land of hopes and visions, radiant and indefinite.

Higher climbed the dawn, and still in his bosom leaned her head, and still bending fondly toward her, they roved through that fairy-land, hopelessly entangled among its dewy shades and clustering blossoms.

Alas! that actual life must forever with iron shears clip into fragments the fabrics fancy has woven! Alas! that so swiftly through the glass of Hope descends its golden dust, while heavily fall the sharp pebbles of reality!

'Dorcas, thou must go with me across the seas! Here can I possess no home for thee and me.'

'And the sun looks upon fairer fields than those of England,' she replied.

'So thou wilt not refuse to journey with me far away? In the new world we may find us a home which thy voice shall fill with music.'

And forthwith to their mental vision uprose a bower, all woven of myrtle and roses, beneath skies unsullied by storms.

But for that day they must part. At night he would conduct her to the great city, whence they should embark for the country of their dreams: thus he said, gently leading her down the cliffs to her cottage-gate, and leaving her there, he passed on his way.

Never again had she beheld his face! He came not that night, nor the next, nor yet the next, till she tired of counting the days; and finally, news was brought of his departure for America!

Quakeress though she was, anger over-flowed her young spirit. He seemed to have made her a bride for the express purpose of deserting her; and she secretly rejoiced that she had kept back a part of her heart — a sort of reserved fund for other uses and pleasures of life: she only trusted he might not think she was pining for his 'dear sake!'

Nevertheless, there was no malice aforethought in Sir Henry's procedure. When he bade Dorcas a light good-by at the wicket-gate, he truly intended returning at night to claim her for his own.

But after the commission of a rash act, however often imagination may have dallied with its previous image, its consequences flash on the mind with new force; and thus came the results of his *mesalliance* to Sir Henry, surveying that morning the domain that should be his inheritance.

Slowly pacing the broad avenues of his park, a mist evolved from his brain; the delirium of fore-gone weeks dispelled itself; and — somewhat inopportunist to be sure — acres on acres of upland and low-land, books of heraldry, rolls of parchment, long galleries of ancestors in undeviating descent from the body-guard of William the Conqueror, up-rose between him and the dark-eyed Quakeress he had made *his wife*!

He actually began to cherish resentment toward her, as if she had won him by some enchantment. So very singular a chattel is the male heart!

Well, in forlorn condition, he gazed up to the castle: its turrets; its stained windows; its heavily-ornamented buttresses; its porches,

and all its nondescript appendages. He beheld its imposing front, then the splendors of its eastern aspect met his eyes; next he journeyed where its backward visage might charm him — for it was a cherub to him, having a face on every side; lastly he scanned its westward wing: no more could he do, except he mounted aloft, and surveyed its queerly-shaped roofs, some of whose points pierced through whole ages, and remembered themselves as verdant oaks in the time of the first Ludlow.

He stealthily entered the gallery of family portraits, where, a little child, he had been led to learn through whose veins had once run the red fluid dancing merrily along his own. He knew *par cœur*, the lives of all those stately ladies and stiff lords: he *used* to laugh at their unearthly dress; but *now* he could have kissed the pointed shoes turning upward to the knee, like canoes wherein his progenitors paddled over the estate; could have done reverence to the deep, deep frills that reached aloft to entomb alive his estimable grand-mothers. Under some circumstances taste thus rapidly develops itself.

From the gallery he entered a hall, that he might contemplate a *chef d'œuvre* of art, the armorial bearings of his house. From time to time had been quartered beside the original arms of the Ludlows sundry devices, which were the pride of those pale ladies, till a simple republican might not decipher the odd hieroglyph.

Here he stood in sober musing. Was it right, or even possible to leave all this descended shower of glory, for the bright smiles of an out-law, a Quaker, who would never wear such ruffs, or countenance such shoes, or care for this noble emblazonry?

There was not much poetry in Sir Henry's composition; that subtle and ethereal essence had never penetrated his nature: only eloquence, beauty, music, and night, combining their forces for the combat, would ever have prevailed against his reason.

Suddenly while he meditated, the illegality of his marriage flitted through his mind. He was bound but by ties of honor to the prophetess' daughter; and if he chose to sunder those unsubstantial chains, why, then he might again stand on the same lofty eminence where, in awful array, shone forth the saints of the gallery.

He did not quite like this brilliant idea; but it was his only point of escape, and on reconsideration it looked less deformed. The Quakers, already hated and persecuted, would hardly dare divulge his secret: he might go over to the colonies for a few years: it was really, after all, no marriage; and he could never bring a cottager into presence of the pictured gentry on his walls.

Thus he thought, and thus acted. He called it a common-sense view of the subject. Of the wounded sensibility of his young wife, of the possibility that her nature could ill-endure so rude a shock, of her belief in the sacredness of the relation established between them, and her long widowhood, he took no note. It was an acceptable oblation to his vanity, when stepping on board an out-

ward-bound vessel, that he left behind one who would sorrow for his absence.

Sometimes, also, leaning over the taffrail of the ship, he sighed to remember her sweetly-given promise to cross the ocean at his side. Ah! Sir Henry! you are not garnering up pleasant memories for your old age. When your 'May of life is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf,' you will need that some more manly and virtuous deed should adorn your youth!

Little necessity have I to tell how, in after-months, the Quaker priestess and her fair daughter also sought refuge from English cares, in that ideal realm, our 'New World;' for, standing on the wharf, you witnessed their arrival.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

BEING A CONNECTING LINK IN THE CHAIN.

IN olden time, Nature abhorred a vacuum: now-a-days, she holds in equal contempt all lines which bound not that mystic figure cycled a circle; at least, so teach poets, philosophers, and Cosmos himself.

Round and round through space, 'far as the universe spreads its flaming wall,' countless worlds describe their majestic curves; ages on ages of time 'circle away;' winds and storms fly swift along a rotary course; even the tiny dew-drop wheels its way from sky to earth, and earth to sky.

The lover places this magic shape about the maiden's finger, to seal the holiest vow lips can utter; it rests on the tyrant's head, to symbolize a nation's degradation.

Circles of acquaintances compose the whole frame-work of society, and as Time completes these human rings, she hangs them up in her musty halls for the use of novelists, historians, and posterity *in toto*.

You know, very well, who are united in the circle I have selected from her treasures for the present lunch, and if, like poor Oliver, you ask for 'more,' it is ready to your palate.

Immediately after leaving the wharf, Sir Henry, Mark, and Wendall parted company.

It was late when Mark returned to his home, for he had been promenading along the shore, and over the rough hills, eagerly desiring from Night the gift of sleep she bestowed freely on all that met his gaze: not *all*, however; for as in the course of his walk he had Sir Henry's house in sight, through the open case-ments he perceived its master rapidly pacing his apartment. Yet he gave the troubled tenant but a passing thought, because his mind was filled with another image, even that of the fair Iclander, till whispering how useless were all his speculations, he coaxed himself homeward, and silently entered the room from which he had gone forth.

The tall oaken clock ticked loudly in its corner; a cupboard

where plate was displayed, looked in the dim light like a huge ghost armed with skulls; stools and high-backed chairs were shadowy; nor could Mark be sure of the stability of a table, whose polished surface shone in beams that penetrated the little diamond panes; and the silver candle-sticks above the Dutch tiles, whose emblems he knew by heart, wore the same uncertain aspect.

Being of a brave temper, he was not startled to find, on farther inspection, that a figure of human form reclined in the deep window-seat, albeit it was quite past the family hour for retiring, and verging on the time spirits are said to select for their visitations to earth.

Drawing cautiously near, he saw the spectre wore his sister's dress of white, and curls of gold; so he knelt, intending to waken her with a kiss; but a smile parting her lips, she repeated the name of the English knight.

Very angry would Mark have been a few hours before, though now he had no heart to chide her, or to break the thread of her pleasant dream; for, thought he: 'She may never have another vision so bright; and what is *real* life, after all, but a dream, with hopes and fears unsubstantial as its tissue of gossamer?'

And if Nannie had bestowed her affections unwisely, surely the night had revealed to him that his own might not be invincible, or always under the empire of reason: thus reflecting, he rested his head on the cushion where hers was pillowed, while years not yet knit up by the rosy Hours, opened before him in sombre colors.

One of our most gifted painters has depicted with the fascination of art, that castle-in-the-air structure toward which youth eagerly stretches its hands.

But not so fair as he has shadowed forth, does it always hover in the distance; clouds black as the raven's wing oftentimes envelop its turrets; storms rage around, till, terrified at the prospect he has conjured up, the gazer fainteth, like Saul before the shade of Samuel.

God alone can know how oft fear for the future weighs down the long lashes of the bride, as she rests her head on her lover's arm: how the proud step and haughty bearing of the youth crossing his father's threshold to make for himself a name, are assumed to conceal the bitter doubts with which he meditates things to come.

The loud-voiced clock telling in impatient tones to the tenants of Time how rapidly their lease wore out, was unheard by Mark, while his imagination descried images of terror across the pathway of those he loved; and when its iron hammer drove the twelve nails that fastened the departed day in its coffin, starting with a shudder from the dismal picture before his fancy, he stole quietly away as the new day entered in its swaddling-bands of gray, decorated with the stars of its order.

Nannie was still wrapt in a deep sleep, known to innocence alone; and I doubt if Una teaching wisdom to fauns and satyrs of fairydom, bore an aspect of more angelic purity than floated

about the dreaming damsel, who believed kindness and generosity ruled all the world!

The knowledge that her lips had unconsciously spoken his name, might have cheered Sir Henry through those dreary hours in which he thought on things that were, and things that *should* have been; for very dear to him was Nannie's gentle, yielding spirit.

She had no more sympathy with deceit than a parallel line with a labyrinth: Sir Henry might as well hope to see the Northern Lights illuminate a storm-cloud, as Nannie's love repose on one she dared not trust.

Some such idea being impressed on his mind, he was seeking to prove that it would be needless to tell her the whole story of his life; but though he had a very logical turn, and could follow the by-ways and high-ways of philosophy, he was just now looking through her clear eyes, and even the '*reductio ad absurdum*' refused to aid him. So he strode from end to end of his apartment, warring with himself, with Dorcas, and finally with Nannie's goodness. Let us leave him to bind off (as a knitter might say) this chapter with the dark thread of his reflections, and we will betake ourselves to Zelda, begging her to embroider us a bouquet from the silks of her genius.

O U T I N T H E R A I N .

BY W. H. WADDELL.

Out in the rain, in the dark, dark night,
Praying for morning, yet dreading the light,
The cold, cruel wind tosses wildly my hair,
My heart is all hard with the ice of despair,
Wearily, wearily weeping in vain,
The hours pass drearily, 'out in the rain.'

Out in the rain, while my shelterless head
Burns as though covered with hot molten lead,
My quivering frame now shivers with cold,
Now scorches with fever, in anguish untold:
Crazed with my sorrowing, maddened by pain,
Let me but perish here, 'out in the rain!'

Far, far away, where the green meadows lie,
Where the pure waters reflect the blue sky,
Beyond the dark river, beyond the bleak shore,
Where waves never break, and where winds never roar:
There from my wandering, rest shall I gain,
And my wild heart throb no more, 'out in the rain.'

Athens, (Ga.)

U N D E R T H E F I G - T R E E S .

BY J. SWETT.

I.

P E A C H !

From labor comes a sweet release,
A relaxation which the toil-worn mind,
Throbbing with thought, so longs to find :
Here all its stormy surgings cease.
Birds flood with song the incense-laden air,
Which softly bathes the heated brow of care,
Till the sweet warblers in the olive-trees
Seem soft Æolians wakened by the breeze ;
And thoughts glide off in quiet dreams,
As wild-flowers float on meadow-streams.

II.

R E S T !

The sun is slowly sinking in the west ;
The balmy air floats lazily around ;
The trees are rustling with a soothing sound :
Delicious peaches, blushing at the gaze
Of the warm sun-light's last departing rays,
Hide their red cheeks amid the foliage green,
Leaving their breasts of downy white half-seen,
While their rich lips in softest touches meet,
Each stealing from the other kisses sweet :
The pear-trees shower their fulness on the plain
In luscious drops of autumn's golden rain.
So let the memories which these scenes recall
Ripen in idleness, and thickly fall ;
For twilight lulls each drowsy sense
In deep, delicious, dreamy indolence.

III.

D R E A M !

THOUGHTS, gushing like some fountain-stream,
As stars float up the heaven's deep blue,
The *past* comes back in swift review,
Bright pictures of the dear home band,
Far, far away, in Eastern land,
(One now walks Heaven's sapphire strand :)
Then let the day, so still and calm,
Die in a dreamy vesper psalm,
While o'er me comes the gushing joy
Which filled my spirit when a boy.

Mission Garden, Mission San José, Oct. 1857.

K i n o :

A MYSTIFICATION OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY CHARLES DESMARAIS GARDETTE.

I SPENT part of the winter of——in the city of New-Orleans for my health's sake.

My life there was generally monotonous and devoid of incident, as the life of a valetudinarian would naturally be—with one extraordinary exception: an adventure so strange, and even fearful, that if the reader will bear with my perchance tedious style of narration, I shall faithfully relate it herein, convinced that the matter will prove of interest to the curious and reflective, in spite of the faults of manner in its historian.

The Franco-American population of New-Orleans retain many curious customs and habits of their father (or rather mother) land, scarcely influenced by the lapse of time, the differences of the government and institutions under which, or the essentially antagonistic race among whom, they dwell, and of which they are properly part and parcel.

The tenacity with which they have adhered to their mother-tongue, in the midst of the most intimate relations of every kind with a people of totally different speech, is one—perhaps the most curious instance of this.

Another is their peculiar mode of passing the Sabbath: with open bazaars, race-courses, theatres, and all the haunts of everyday life, buzzing in unison with the chimes of the 'church-going bells.'

They have also their special festal observances, religious and patriotic: their games, entertainments, social codes and habits, methods of educating their children, cooking, wines, hours of meals; ay, even their dress, the cut of their beards, and the fashion of their salutations—their 'yea and nay'—are all decidedly foreign, as well in the families whose living heads were born beneath the skies of France, as among those whose Frankish or Gallic ancestors sleep for three generations in the funereal vaults of the Crescent City.

I have said that their games are peculiar. There is one particularly, with which my story is intimately connected, that demands in consequence a special notice.

There is the game known, on a limited scale, by children every where in Christendom, as 'Loto;' but among the French Creoles of New-Orleans, played publicly for money (especially by the lower classes) under the name of 'Kino;' and the *modus operandi* of 'Kino' being patent to my narrative, I beg the reader's indulgence while I attempt a description of the only establishment

of the kind I ever saw (?) (The reason of the interrogation will be seen anon.)

First, a long room, dirty, dimly lighted, and redolent of beer, tobacco-smoke, *et id omne genus* of associate odors, is furnished (?) with rows of common deal tables, (say eight feet by three each,) polished and grimy by constant use, placed up and down the apartment, so as to leave passage-ways around them, and having a backless bench screwed to the floor, (as are the tables also,) on either side of each.

About the centre of one of the lateral walls is stationed the counter and apparatus of the banker, consisting of a square table, divided into compartments for holding the 'pool,' the numbered Kino-balls, (of ivory,) the register, cards, etc., together with a large box of horn buttons for markers; and last, most important of all, the pretty piece of mechanism by which the fiat of the fateful balls is governed.

This is a hollow globe of mahogany, revolving easily upon a horizontal axis, suspended upon two perpendicular poles, with a mouth-piece opening downward, (from motives of specific gravity,) contrived with a spring, which, pressed by the operator's finger, gives passage to a single ball at a time, dropping it into his dexterous hand. It has also another opening, on the trap-door principle, whereby the said balls are deposited within its cavity.

The thing is a most neat and graceful one, innocent of harm in general, I dare say; but to me, alas! it proved as full of 'unnumbered woes' as the Grecian horse did to the unsuspecting Trojans.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: (I assume the reader's acquaintance with the prototype game of 'Loto:'.) Each guest on entering takes his seat at a table, and a Kino-card, for which he pays five, ten, or twenty cents, according to the size thereof. He may, on the same terms, increase his chances by taking as many cards as he chooses.

The money thus collected is put into the 'pool;' and when the concourse of guests is sufficient to make said 'pool' respectably remunerative, the game commences thus: — Stop! I omitted to mention a general, generous, preliminary, and gratuitous distribution of buttons, by a satellite:

The banker places the ivory balls in the magic globe, shuts the 'trap,' and gives the machine a rapid rotary motion. For a few seconds it whirls swiftly round, till the momentum becoming less and less, it gradually comes to a stand-still, mouth downward, of course, when — click! the operator touches the spring, catches the liberated ball, glances at its numeral, holds it aloft, and cries, first in French, then in English, 'Ten!' 'Fifty!' or whatever may be the figures upon its circumference.

Instantly all eyes are upon the cards of their respective owners, and those who see a 'ten,' 'fifty,' or whatever it is, on the pasteboard beneath them, clap a button triumphantly over it. The banker, after sufficient pause, repeats the process of whirling, catching, and calling; the players follow suit with eye and button; and

so it continueth reciprocally, until a number is cried which finishes a row — all whose previous figures are buttoned over — upon the card of some lucky individual, whereupon the lucky one raps the table loudly, and exclaims, 'Kino!' or, sometimes, to vary the monotony, '*Gagné!*' which means won, and amounts to the same thing. The satellite immediately takes the champion's card to the banker, who examines it, compares it with his register, finds it correct, (that is, does, *if he does*,) and returns it to the victor, accompanied by the contents of the 'pool,' minus a small (?) percentage for the support of the 'establishment.'

Let me add that there is also a mysterious and invisible cavern somewhere in the most sombre corner of the apartment, whence divers and sundry glasses of many-tinted fluids are semi-continuously brought to a plurality of guests, by other satellites during the progress of things.

This is the entire 'poetry and mystery' of 'Kino.' Now for the mournful prose of my experience therewith.

It was a raw, drizzly night, and I sat, at about nine o'clock, in the office of the Saint Louis Hotel, with a fit of cerulean fiends, and the effects of a dose of sulph. morph., (given me by an old fool of a doctor — I beg the Faculty's pardon! — for a palpitation of the heart,) for company.

So I had sat, half-dozing for over one hour, until now an unwonted feeling of restlessness came upon me and very unwisely, no doubt, in a sanitary point of view, I seized my overcoat and hat, and went out, objectless, save to dissipate my ennui by a stroll in the keen night air.

I wandered up one street and down another in the old French quarter, without knowing or caring where I was, until the sound of a loud voice calling out in French, then in English, 'Forty-four!' followed by another replying, '*Gagné!*' caused me to stop, and looking across the narrow street, I found myself opposite a 'Kino' establishment.

It was on the ground-floor of a low-eaved house, with a deep verandah in front, and though the night was chilly, the doors (they were large folding-doors) were flung back, leaving the entrance protected only by a huge blinded screen, which stood some six feet inside the room, (there was no hall,) giving free egress to the voices and exhalations from within.

A sudden whim prompted me to enter. I had never been in such a place, and felt at the moment, beside, a morbid desire for some excitement to rouse my torpid spirits; so I walked in, and looked round me.

The room and its furniture were such as I have described above, and at the moment of my entrance preparations were making for a new game.

Taking my seat at an unoccupied table in an extreme corner of the room, (which was scarce more than half-filled,) I called the

waiter, and asked for a card, at the same time taking out my porte-monnaie to give him the requisite dime.

This porte-monnaie was a large one, of red morocco, bound with steel, heavily gilt, and contained several compartments for bills, as well as a small sack for specie, (excuse the apparent tediousness of detail, patient or impatient reader: you will see its relevancy anon,) all of which were full; for I had that morning drawn five hundred dollars in bills of various denominations, and had fifty dollars in silver and small gold therein beside.

In handling this porte-monnaie somewhat clumsily, owing to my semi-opiatic state, a roll of the bills fell out, and dropped from the bench to the floor, displaying their value partially as they unrolled in falling.

The civil waiter picked them carefully up, and returned them to me immediately, and, taking my dime, handed the card, a handful of buttons, and retired.

I placed the porte-monnaie in my *right* breast-pocket, inside my coat, and awaited the banker's first call, button in hand.

He called, 'Eleven!' I marked it! (how well I remember each number! their sequence upon my card was so remarkable!) Then 'Thirty-one!' I marked it; and on the same line! Then, 'Eighty!' another button, and on the same line again! Then, 'Forty-nine!' another mark, same line! Then, 'Three!' fifth mark, same line! 'Sixty-seven!' still another mark, still the same line! 'Twenty-five!' a seventh button, upon the fated line again.

Here a momentary pause occurred, owing to a short conference between the banker and a newly-arrived guest.

I had been growing every moment aware of an increasing and strange fixity, if I may so term it, of physical sensation; (owing, no doubt, to that inf—doctor's sulph. morph., the first I had ever taken;) a feeling of perfect inability to make a physical exertion, should it suddenly become necessary, and a sense of mental inertia, not stupidity nor drowsiness, but a sort of animal contentment with my position, an indifference to what was passing around me, though with entire cognizance of every thing, and intelligent interest in my card, upon which every number of the second line was now buttoned, save one; and I recollect thinking how extraordinary it would be if the banker should cry that number the very next time, yet thinking of it without the least anxiety or even wishfulness.

At this juncture the new guest sat down. The banker twirled the globe, caught the ball as it came to a stop, and cried, 'Fifty-three!'

It *was* my number, and with a very quiet tone and gesture, I said, 'Gagné'

A murmur of momentary surprise died as suddenly away; my card was examined, proved correct, and the 'pool' (of about three dollars in small silver) was handed me. The usual recess of five or ten minutes succeeded, varied by libations and fresh pipe and cigar-lightings, and a new game commenced.

During this time, I kept the same card, and marked occasionally,

but did not win. As it progressed, I experienced a dim sort of desire to leave the place, but it seemed impossible to control my volition sufficiently to make the necessary effort to rise. The peculiar feelings I have endeavored to describe above, were becoming more and more decided, and I took a fresh card for my third game.

Ere the banker had cried more than five or six numbers of this 'kino,' I was conscious of some one standing behind me, as if watching my card.

(Here it is necessary that I should define my position in the room more explicitly. I was, as I have said, the only occupant of my table, which stood in a corner of the apartment, nearest the doors of exit, and farthest from the light, which consisted of four large lamps on brackets against the lateral walls, about ten feet apart and five feet each way from the centre. This table was also so placed, that, seated with my face toward the wall, away from the banker and the other tables, there was no one in front of me, and the nearest persons behind me were at the corresponding table to mine on the opposite side of the room, both — there were but two — with their backs toward me.)

Now, I say, I became conscious of some one standing immediately back of me; and looking quietly up, for in my then peculiar morbid state I was incapable of emotion, I saw a very tall, powerful, foreign-looking man, well-dressed, and smiling, who responded to my gaze by a familiar nod, and (in French) 'How are you to-night, my dear?' courteously and audibly uttered.

I was perfectly aware that the man was an entire stranger to me, yet my extraordinarily passive condition seemed to render the effort of denial or retort alike impossible, and I mechanically bowed, and resumed my former attitude.

In two minutes more the stranger sat softly down on the bench close at my *left* side; then, with a movement wonderfully rapid, yet so quiet and apparently gentle as to merit the term snake-like, he wound his right arm round my shoulders, compressing both my arms and chest with the force of a vice; brought his right hand to my throat, (affecting the while the demeanor and action of a friendly caress,) and bearing upward and inward by means of his thumb and fore-finger upon my thorax immediately under the chin with strange and fearful effect, he in a moment with his left hand abstracted my porte-monnaie from the right-breast pocket, where I had placed it.

The whole operation did not probably occupy three minutes, and was effected so dexterously yet so invincibly, that, while it doubtless appeared to those at a distance (if any observed it at all, which was scarce probable, intent as they were on their cards) as the careless embrace of a familiar crony, it rendered all resistance, all articulation, all motion on my part, totally impracticable, even had I been in the full vigor of all my physical and mental faculties. But I was, on the contrary, fully under the influence of the combined phenomena I have alluded to, and possessed not the slightest power, nor even the will, to struggle.

The peculiar pressure on my throat, though it did not strangle

me in the least, appeared to induce a sort of paralysis of my entire nervous system, as if the robber bore upon some nerve-centre of universal radiation, without at all destroying my consciousness of its cause, or of my exact situation; and the ruffian well knew this to be the result of his devilish art; for he presently let me go, and, laying me gently down upon the bench, cried out, with every demonstration of friendly anxiety:

‘Quick! some cold water! my friend has a fit; hold him, some one, and sponge his face, while I go for his doctor; it is but a step. It will be nothing serious, he often has them; I’ll return immediately.’ And giving me in charge to those who now eagerly crowded round, he hastened away.

Of course, in the confusion of the moment, no one sought for any other explanation of the extraordinary circumstance than the one so adroitly given in apparently anxious interest by my supposed comrade, nor did they imagine that his hasty exit was for any other purpose than to insure the speediest medical assistance; and, strange as it may appear, it was utterly impossible for me to speak a single word, or make a single gesture, until the waiter, with good-intentioned awkwardness, flung a large glass of ice-water full in my face.

The sudden shock drove the blood to my heart with the force of a steam-jet, and loosed at once the spell that bound my faculties, so that springing up, I cried, half-choked with the water: ‘Stop him! he has robbed me! he is no fr——’ It was all I could utter, the reaction was too violent; and I sank exhausted and shivering upon the bench.

A dozen men rushed forth in all directions, but after a few minutes, all returned, from a fruitless search. He was, of course, not to be found, nor any trace of him: his stratagem was too masterly for defeat.

By this time I had in a great degree regained my self-possession and strength, and related the affair briefly to the open-mouthed assembly. Every body wondered and exclaimed, and every body had a counsel to give me of course. ‘Go to the police-office,’ said one.

‘Hire a special detective,’ said another.

‘Send to all the steamboats and rail-road depots,’ said Number Three.

‘Offer a large reward,’ cried Number Four; and so forth, and so forth: all sensible plans no doubt, and hopeful ones; but I began to feel very drowsy, very weak, and very tired; my heart throbbed like the flail of a thresher; my head burned, and requesting a mild-faced, stout-bodied burgher to walk with me, I returned to the hotel, ascended painfully to my room without a word to any one, and throwing off my damp clothes, literally fell into bed and into a deep slumber at the same moment.

WHEN I awoke next morning, though much better, I still felt weak and head-achy: however, my adventure of the previous night

dwelt vividly in my memory, and the loss of my port-monnaie, or rather of its contents, was a serious one to me in a strange city, with limited means, so that I determined to dress at once, and, seeking the police-office, to take all possible steps for its recovery. I therefore rose and began my toilet.

In a short time I was dressed in all respects save my coat, which I had thrown the night before over a chair in a careless way, and I now caught hold of it as carelessly by the skirt, when, as I raised it from the chair, something fell from its folds and dropped with a dull clang on the floor. I moved the chair, stooped to pick up the object — ‘Ha! no! am I awake? Yes, by Heaven!’ There lay my red morocco port-monnaie!

Half-stupefied by this miracle, I mechanically clutched it, tore it open, and therein, so help me truth, lay, snugly packed away, the identical roll of notes dropped on the ‘kino’ floor and restored to me by the civil waiter!

I opened the sack; there were the gold quarter-eagles, dollar-pieces, and silver: all untouched, all safe!

Piece by piece, note by note I counted them, feeling the while, much as I presume Rip Van Winkle did, when he returned to his village after his long nap. They were all there!

For a moment I thought I was going, or had gone, mad. Then the idea occurred to me, ‘It was all a dream: the result of a laudanum nightmare; may that doctor be anathema! But stop,’ said I to myself, after further reflection, ‘there’s a way of testing all this, without exposing myself to ridicule, or giving rise to doubts of my sanity by making inquiries at the ‘kino.’ No! I won’t go to the ‘kino!’ Under no circumstances will I seek that cursed ‘kino’ again! Dream or no dream: mad or of sound mind, I shall never dare to return to that horrible ‘kino!’ I have one certain test here, and I will abide by it; if it prove me the victim of nightmare, so much the better: I can laugh at it, now that it is over; if, on the contrary, it prove me the victim of — ugh! at least the secret shall be buried in my own breast; no mortal but myself shall ever know it; no! no! I’ll stand by the test!’

And I have, until now, stood by that test, and revealed it to no living being; but as ‘murder will out,’ so will every other burden on the spirit, whether of crime, or grief, or love, or hate, or —. Reader, you shall know the test and its result!

I had, you may remember, won the first game of ‘kino,’ and received the ‘pool.’ It was in small silver, and I had dropped it in the little cash pocket of my over-coat.

There was, I recollected well, but one half-dime in that pocket previously.

With a fearful foreboding, half of hope, half of terror, I sought my over-coat where it hung against my chamber-door, and tremblingly approaching my hand to the fateful pocket, thrust my fingers desperately within it; gave a loud cry, and sank fainting to the floor! *That pocket was full of small silver!*

Philadelphia, Feb. 19, 1858.

THE FACTORY GIRL OF FAIRMOUNT.

BY MISS MARY E. THROPP.

ALONE in the dark, down the dreary street,
Through the wind and the driving rain,
All weary and cold, and her heart oppressed
With a numbing sense of pain,

With a feeble step and a troubled eye,
That seems gazing afar away,
A pale, slight girl, with a lofty face,
Is wending her fearsome way.

On by the lights that cheerily gleam
Athwart the darkened street,
From the bright, warm homes on either side,
Press the worn, unresting feet.

She will not pause, she hazards not
A glance at the groups within :
Oh! should she not envy the favored lot
In bitterness and sin ?

She knows of a garret all dreary and bare,
A garret dark and lone,
No light, no fire, no loving eye,
In all to her of home.

'Not into temptation,' O FATHER! help!
The tremulous lips impart :
And the high, pure brow, and the holy eyes,
Tell they not of the pure in heart ?

A timely prayer, for even now
The tempter is lurking near,
And gold, and ease, and love for shame,
Is hissed in the tried one's ear.

The delicate face, with its dark rich curls,
Caught the gaze of the man of sin —
A fair, fair face, but fairer yet
Is the beautiful soul within.

No moan, no wail, but on and on,
Through the wind and the driving rain :
O God! how the gentle heart is crushed
With its desolate sense of pain !

The bridge is gained whose sheltered arch
Spans the river's ceaseless flow ;
She lingers a moment : oh! could she but rest
Its calm deep waves below !

A plunge, a pang, and 'the fever of life,'
 With its wasting cares, is o'er :
 No sin to conquer, no sorrow to bear,
 And rest for evermore.

A rush of waters seems bearing her down,
 And a whirl in her dizzy brain,
 When a light breaks forth from the great white throne,
 And she totters on again.

The court is gained, and the house at length,
 With its narrow and darksome stair :
 Alas ! for the feeble and shivering limbs :
 How hardly they enter there.

Solemnly still, like the Jews of old,
 In Moab's mournful clime,
 We pause below, while a saint ascends
 To offer a soul sublime.

In the dark, dark room, like a rift of light,
 Lies the beautiful form of clay,
 Holy and still in its wondrous calm,
 For the spirit has passed away.

On the still white face upturned in death,
 And framed with its curls of brown,
 The mid-night moon (for the storm has passed)
 Like a friendly face looks down :

It shines on the lily-curtained eyes
 Like lakes in their summer blue,
 Brilliant as stars with the moulted light
 Of the spirit passing through :

For a radiant form in flowing white,
 And girt with a golden zone,
 With glittering harp and golden crown,
 Has swept to the great white throne.

Valley Forge, (Pa.)

P A S S I O N .

My fingers clasp a crystal vase,
 And as I turn it to the light,
 The amber fluid held within
 Becomes that instant golden-bright.

My lips have touched the goblet's edge,
 And I am filled with ecstasy
 That thrills me through, till I am mad
 To drink the subtle draught and die.

O PETTON ! take your eyes from mine !
 They hold me so I cannot think :
 My lips are on the charmed brim :
 Take off your eyes, or I shall drink !

T O M B O L T ' S N E V V Y .

BY KIT KELVIN.

It should be an apothegm, that every man has a skeleton, a grinning, ghastly skeleton, dangling in his door-way or business. If by his fire-side, it may be his companion, a wayward child, or constant sickness. If in his business, disappointment, ill-starred fortune, or complete failure. In some cases, this hideous array is blown away, bone by bone, until it disappears; but in others, sadly, it brings up the last of the funeral procession. Perhaps the latter preponderates. Illustrative of this axiom, the following brief story may be pertinent.

Tom Bolt was an old retired sea-captain. He had never married: had accumulated a fortune upon the waters, and was coupling *otium cum dignitate*, as far as his salt notions induced him. He had been a sailor, 'man and boy,' for over forty years, and was a perfect specimen of his class. With a large person, he had a voice deep, slightly *raspy*; trained, no doubt, by continuous combats with gales and salt water. He could be irascible on a short notice; but ordinarily provoked good cheer wherever his presence was found. He had a dog, a cat, a pet-parrot, and a house-keeper. Charitable institutions had made themselves vampires upon him, and extracted benevolent sums from him, from year to year. To this he did not object; but he yearned for some one of his own to bestow his property upon, when he had accomplished his pilgrimage. But here the old sailor was unfortunate. He knew of no one whom he could claim. His relatives had never been numerous, and those that had been, had passed away in the life-struggle. He had looked about for a *protégé*, but had never found one to fill the vacancy. Numerous applications had been made by sordid, selfish ones, for their weakly, indolent representatives; yet the eye of the mariner always discovered a lack of sense, manhood, or brightness, that caused disappointment on the one hand, and a feeling of justice on the other. Tom Bolt was constant at church, made hearty responses, and was a pillar of moneyed strength, if not of righteous example to the society. His cellar always held a choice selection of old wines, St. Croix, and Jamaica, which were by no means spared whenever a visitor dropped in upon him. Every body loved him, for he had a kind word for the poor — also money — a cheerful salutation for a friend, a warm welcome for children, and a song or a yarn, when occasion required. And this was Tom Bolt.

But he had a skeleton. I will tell you what it was.

Some fifteen years before he moored upon land, a nephew bearing his own name (he always called him *nevvy*) he had taken to initiate into the service. He was a wild, reckless boy, heedless of his in-

terests, and deaf to counsel. He was put into the fore-castle, and received no favors from the cabin. To a youngster, this discipline was mysterious and unnatural, and the young blade made severe trouble for his uncle. Yet, as the last of his race, he was indulged by pardon, and sometimes by a palpable over-looking of his glaring faults. This acted upon him as encouragement; and rather than diminishing his flagitious acts, they increased. His elder ship-mates advised him to look well to his reckoning, or the old uncle would shipwreck him, without a tarpaulin or toggery. But it did not avail.

There was no settled malice on the part of the boy. It was young spite and indifference. To activity he added more than the ordinary amount of intelligence for one of his years; and were it not for a *seeming* treachery, he would have been rapidly promoted.

Finally, with patience exhausted, and ire predominant, the old sailor, as his vessel ran into Havre, sent for the relation. He came with a familiar rush into the cabin, and stood covered.

'Nevvy! doff your tarpaulin. You are wrecking every inch of your cargo of manners, if you ever shipped them.'

The nevvy saw at one glance there was a determination that augured poorly for him.

'Nevvy, you are the only son of as brave a sailor as ever went down among the sea-weeds; but there are barnacles all over *you*; and you are more of a piratical-craft than a friend. I took you to make a captain; but you have run on a lee-shore, and here you are at Havre, alone, and without friends. Do ye understand?'

'Ay, Sir! you are going to heave me overboard.'

'What else can I do with a bad cargo in a gale? Nevvy, you are hereafter to shin aloft elsewhere than on the 'Peacock.' Go forward, and then ashore. If you ever think better of your course, come to me, and I will over-haul you once more.'

And so the Nevvy left.

Some three years after, the uncle heard that the Nevvy had met his end. He fell from aloft, and his absence was not noticed until it was too late to return for a search.

This item of intelligence affected the old sailor. He blamed himself, his rashness, and his want of greater patience. But it could not be otherwise; and he endeavored to console himself that pure justice had been righteously administered.

So Tom Bolt was alone; and this was his skeleton.

Occasionally the house-keeper would be the repository of his reflections. They generally found utterance at night, when his paper was read, and the dog barked in his sleep, and old Tabby purringly rubbed against his boots. Such a home-scene illustrative of comfort and confidence, awakened the dormant affections of the mariner, and his conscience bit him to exclamations.

'Betty! I was a cruel sea-dog, full of bark. No leave of absence in my hull. I see it now. And here I am, old and alone: no kin to care for the old hulk: laid up in ordinary: timbers shivered and

dead-lights knocked in. Well, Tom Bolt! you can't cruise your life over again, but must reef and lay-to. Avast! Betty! a little hot water, sugar, and nutmeg: I'll take a night-cap, and turn in.'

Dominie Mace was the rector of Saint Stephen's Church, a time-honored edifice of good churchmen, where Tom Bolt bent his head, and uttered his 'Good Lord deliver us,' with unction. He was a good liver (the parson) and fell ill with the gout. For a time he clung to his surplice; but disease battled sorely with him, and finally vanquished the victim. It was a heavy affliction; for with him were associated many baptisms of infants, now his parishioners, and many excellent sermons of easy penance.

Tom Bolt said, the grave covered a cargo of goodness; but it was shipped to be discharged in a better port, without duty.

It was a long time the parish looked for a successor. Many were tried, but found wanting; and the service was beginning to be thinly attended.

One Saturday night, the stage-coach rattled to the door of the village inn a well-dressed gentleman, who possessed the outlines of sanctity. To a comely form he added a fine face, touched with *study* paleness, a bright dark eye, a gentle voice, and quiet manners.

I said he had the appearance of sanctity. If professions can be known by style of dress, I would further remark, he was a clergyman. And so it proved.

In a small, sermon-like hand, he wrote his name, Rev. T. Bolton. As it happened, the landlord was of Saint Stephen's creed, and no sooner saw the entry upon his book, than he addressed himself for an acquaintance.

'You will excuse me, Sir; but perceiving you a Reverend, will you inform me if you are of the Episcopal order?'

'I am, Sir.'

'Then, Sir, if you could be induced to officiate for us to-morrow as we are without a rector, it would be thankfully received.'

'Is the vacancy temporary?'

'No, Sir: our good parson died some two months since, and we have no one in view.'

The intelligence was carried to the ears of the more ardent, and before nine o'clock Mr. Bolton was waited upon, and consented to discharge the duties of his profession on the morrow.

There was a full attendance, and the organ pealed a little louder and a little longer, in honor of the stranger. None read the service with more feeling and pathos than Mr. Bolton. With his soft and musical voice, a demeanor quiet, and a zeal sincere, he had made a deep and agreeable impression upon his audience before he pronounced his text, which was from the Sermon on the Mount:

'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

If his reading had been faultless, his style was in consonance with his manner. Ardent, meaning, sincere, and convincing, he poured out the feelings of a good heart to eager listeners. It was full of charity; teaching patience, endurance, and sympathy.

With mildness yet determination in his eye, his hand upraised, his head thrown forward, he gained *one* heart by this sentence:

'Cry ye charity without its possession? Show ye sympathy behind hypocrisy? Teach ye love without affection? Exemplify patience and meekness without ownership? Ah! my friends, ye cannot. Surrounded as ye may be by worldly cares and annoyances, it is well to remember *they* are transitory. A year, a month, a week, a day, nay, one short hour may extricate you from all these, and then, have you the gentle principle of mercy to actuate you? How pleasant, how soothing, how delightful! Your feelings will be peaceful, and your actions CHRIST-like.

'Have you a wayward son? deal gently with him: a mother's tear has saved a soul from perdition. Is your counsel abandoned? endure and pardon. It is merciful. This *is* mercy. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

Tom Bolt's lip quivered, his eye filled, and his head bowed to weakness. There was a subdued feeling sympathetic with all as the solemn benediction was pronounced; and while yet the parson was bowed, and the multitude were dispersing silently and with whispers, the old sailor retained his seat. At length he went forward, and taking the hand of the preacher, earnestly invited him to accompany him home.

'I am alone, Sir, and your words have called up a memory. I would like a common chat with you, and I do not see why you cannot accommodate me.'

'With pleasure, Sir!'

And so it was settled. Mr. Bolton was Tom Bolt's guest.

The afternoon service compared well with that of the morning, and a vestry meeting was called to consider the propriety of action in endeavoring to secure the permanent services of Mr. Bolton.

It was Sabbath evening, and the old sailor was happy in administering comfort to his guest. Betty had retired, and they were alone.

Former life-scenes were called up, and the mariner had recounted many perils of the deep, which were listened to with interest.

'But, Sir,' continued Bolt, 'I have one scene in my life to place before you. It will do me good, and may be you can give me some cheer to uphold me in my decision.

'I had a nevvy, Sir; he was a good sailor, for a boy; but he was troublesome, ay, mutinous. He would n't stow away any advice, and showed a clean pair of heels at all times. I know I should have had more patience, but then an old sailor, you know, has very little of this. I cut him adrift; I thought it would do him good; but I told him if he ever thought better of his course, to come back to me, and I would overhaul him for inspection. But, Sir,' (a pause, in which the old Captain looked steadily into the fire,) 'he's past a return-voyage. I heard he fell from aloft in the English Channel, and was left ——' (another pause, in which the relator went to the door to accommodate old Tabby from without.) 'Poor nevvy! Well, here I am alone. Now, how should you, divine as you are, feel in such water? Did I do right?' earnestly inquired the old sailor, turning to Mr. Bolton.

The answer was to be the turning-point. If in the affirmative, Tom Bolt had made up his mind to drop it if possible and consider the cruelty no more. On the other hand, if it should be a doubtful response, he had concluded to ask a separate petition in prayer from the parson, and endeavor to heal it in that way.

'Beyond a doubt, Sir. You did not flog, perhaps you should have done it; yet the 'cat' is crushing to humanity. You reformed him only by words. He was extremely unkind and ungrateful. To his disobedience he added disrespect, which tended to mutiny, and really had a bad influence over the fore-castle. Your course was righteous. It did the youngster good, and although at the time it seemed to him cruel, yet it was just the discipline he needed. It was a salutary correction.'

Tom Bolt was staring with wonder.

'And he, the nephew, is here now to thank his kind uncle for just such a course; for it has been the means of his reformation; and all the good I can do in my profession is dated back to the time you cut me adrift at Havre.'

The old sailor had jumped, dropping his pipe and spectacles, and throwing the chair to the farther end of the room, had the Nevvy in his embrace. 'Nevvy! my Nevvy! Yes it is!' at the same time patting him gently upon his back.

The scene was short, but boisterous and effectual.

'I have returned, uncle, for inspection.'

'And I will insure you to the port of heaven in a double-reefed topsail-gale,' shouted Tom Bolt.

'Nevvy, you shall be Rector of St. Stephen's, and this is your home. Gad! I'm in port once more, in luck.'

There was just one bar of the sailor's hornpipe shuffled upon the floor to the detriment of Tabby's tail.

And so blew away Tom Bolt's skeleton.

SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM

ALAS! that my whole soul I might outpour
In wealth of speech, that o'er my love's deep sea
Full-freighted words I might waft on to thee;
Words freighted with the heart's deep hidden lore!
I cannot speak the love that evermore
Murmurs within my breast; yet do not turn
In scorn away. Ah! canst not in these eyes
Behold a soul, that unto thee doth burn?
Will not this upturned, these laboring sighs
That heavy-laden would to thee arise,
Make my soul's plaint? Ah! that I might outpour
In words the love, that as a restless sea,
Murmurs and heaves within me longingly!
So with that love I'd flood thee o'er and o'er.

I N M E M O R I A M .

BY W. H. WADDELL.

The eye is dim and sightless now,
 Which once in beauty beamed,
 And drear and pallid is the brow
 From which in glory streamed
 The lustre of his rising sun,
 Before night's thickening shades came on.

He died while on his flowery path,
 Morn's azure light was shed,
 He died ere sorrow's lurid wrath
 Its pall about him spread :
 And cloudless was his early sky,
 And swiftly sped his moments by.

Ah ! darkness drapes our saddened home,
 And morn ariseth not :
 Our hearts in cloudy sorrow come
 Around the hallowed spot,
 Where, sleeping 'neath the cumbrous clay,
 He dreams death's solemn night away.

Athens, (Ga.)

O N T H E S H O R E .

Upon the tawny margin of the blue, exulting sea,
 Where hoarse and caverned forests mock the sorrow of the shore,
 We watch the passion-freighted moon her silver anchors weigh,
 And moor her golden keel above the crags of Appledore.

Through gulfs of brimming shadow, through leagues of dark repose,
 How ghost-like flash and fade afar the sails of distant ships !
 While moon and stars, black-barred with clouds, on lonely sands disclose
 The sudden smile of surges with foam-white teeth and lips !

Her poise was like the spray just when the wave begins to curve ;
 Her eyes untroubled stars shone through the mid-night of her hair ;
 Her lips would tempt the coldest, sternest anchorite to swerve,
 So passionately parted in fond, unconscious prayer.

Long hours I gathered kisses like clusters from the vine ;
 While somewhere, far or near, was one who thought he held the fee
 Of this fair tenement : he did not know what joys were mine,
 Upon the tawny margin of the dark, mid-summer sea !

U N C L E P A U L ' S W I F E .

It had rained all day; and at night, with the same dull, monotonous sound, the rain still fell on the gravel-walk beneath the window; while through the dark old pines at the back of the house, went the continual mournful sighing of the east wind.

I was weary of all in-door occupations, and could not resort to invectives against the weather, for I had no listeners.

My uncle, Dr. Paul Eastman, had gone three miles, through the wind and the rain, to visit a patient in the alms-house, a little boy whose life was nearly ended; and Mrs. Eastman was visiting her friends in a distant State.

In an idle, half-dreaming mood, I lay on the sofa in the pleasant library, to await my uncle's coming.

The cheerful fire-light sending its warm, bright glow over the geraniums and roses in the deep bay-window, over the few pictures on the walls and the well-filled book-shelves, banished all thought of the wintry desolation without. Above the shaded lamp, on the little study-table, was a portrait. It had hung there for many years, the old house-keeper said. I cannot describe that pictured face, so nobly, so serenely beautiful. Would you try to describe the look which the one you love wears for you? Neither will I try to paint with words that face, which was the full realization of my thought of those messengers who come from the unseen world, to strengthen and bless the weak and suffering among mortals.

Was she Uncle Paul's first love—the fair young girl, whose loss had darkened all the years of his early manhood? I had heard something of the great sorrow which had clouded those years, and of one whose life of beauty had kept her memory fresh in the hearts of many. I had heard too, of the tenderness with which Uncle Paul took to his home, which should have been hers, her invalid mother and little brothers, and cared for them, till the mother went to join the daughter, and the boys were fitted for commercial or professional life. But there was a mystery in his life. If he had loved and lost the one whose face was pictured there on the canvas, how could he ever have given the place that would have been hers, to the respectable, common-place person whom I have known for five years as Mrs. Eastman?

The longer I watched the sweet face looking down upon me, the greater seemed the mystery; and so thinking, I fell asleep.

A voice awakened me. 'Ah! Miriam, dreaming?'

'Yes, uncle; dreaming of that face above your study-table.'

He walked across the room, and stood silently before it a long time. Then he came to me. 'It is very like her, Miriam; and she was pure and good as the angels.'

'Can you tell me of her, uncle? What was her name?'

Then, after a short silence, he told me of his early sorrow, and revealed the secret of the mystery that perplexed me.

'Her name was Grace Hyde. She was eighteen, and I was twenty-one when she promised to be my wife. I was just finishing my professional studies, and had my own way to make in the world; but I was strong to do my work and to fight my battles, for Grace was awaiting the result. Her love would strengthen me, and her hand would reward my victory.

'I will not fetter you, Paul,' she said; 'I know how the promise of many young lives have been unfulfilled, because the daily needs of life and the necessity of a practical answer to the questions, 'What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?' have wearied the spirit not yet ready for its life-work, crippled its energies, and chained it to an ignoble service, while the nobler work it might have done, waits for another. Give all the time you need to the highest culture, the fullest development of your intellectual strength, find for yourself a fitting sphere of labor, and then, Paul, I will go with you, and together we will make life beautiful.'

'I could not combat her resolution. She was firm, and her father said: 'Grace is right; in the future you will acknowledge it.'

'So I finished my studies in the University, and went to Paris. Grace, pale and tearful, with her little hands in mine, said: 'Be worthy of your best self, and may God forever guide and bless you, dear Paul.' And then we parted.

'I had not been away three months, when a letter from Grace announced her father's death. 'An attack of apoplexy,' she wrote. 'Poor mother, it is a terrible blow to her; I know not how she will bear it. I pray that I may help her, and that God will give me power to comfort her.' After that, her letters were not sad, but there was a subdued cheerfulness, or it might have been an effort to be cheerful, and there was an impatient looking forward to my return. She had such trust in me, such a noble ambition for me, I was always stronger and better after reading her words. Her influence was around me continually, and the temptations of Paris life were all powerless. I could not disappoint her trust. I would try to be worthy of her.

'I had been in Paris nearly two years, and was preparing to return, when one day a letter, directed in an unknown hand, was given to me. I opened it hastily, with a presentiment of coming ill, for I had heard nothing from Grace for many weeks. There were three words from Dr. Merton, the family physician of the Hydés:

'DEAR PAUL: Grace does not wish to alarm her mother, and therefore wishes me to write. Her days are numbered. Come quickly, if you would see her.'

'You can imagine the slow passing of the days that were bearing me to Grace. She was dying; she might be gone before I could reach her; and, as if in mockery of my impatience, the dull, monotonous ticking of the clock sounded in my ears, and the minutes passed so slowly. At last we reached New-York. A few hours' ride in the cars, and I was in A—. I went immediately

to her house, but there was a strange name on the door-plate. I rang, and inquired where Mrs. Hyde had removed. The servant gave me the street and number. I soon found the house, a small cottage, in a retired street. 'What was the cause of this removal?' I asked myself. 'Why had they left their old home? and why had Grace never mentioned it in her letters? Was it possible that poverty had been added to the sorrow of that great bereavement, and Grace had concealed it to avoid giving me pain?' Absorbed in these thoughts, I stood at the door of the cottage, just as Dr. Merton was passing out. He grasped my hand. 'Welcome home, Paul,' he said. 'They are all expecting you. Grace is quiet; she does not suffer now. I tell you, Paul, there is no use in trying to keep her here. She belongs to a better world. Angels like her are not given to us for a long time. They do their work quickly and go home.'

'He had led me into the little parlor, and in a few words, told me all that Grace had concealed from me. Mr. Hyde had died insolvent. His creditors had seized upon every thing. Mrs. Hyde had rented a small house, and furnished it plainly with the little remnant of the estate which was left them. Few, even of their most intimate friends, knew how very small this remnant was. Grace obtained a large class of pupils in music, and at night, when she returned, weary from her lessons, she taught classes in French. With a brave heart she worked, sustained by the consciousness that her mother was saved from toil and her little brothers were unconsious of the loss they had sustained.

'The constant, wearying toil, was too much for one so wholly unused to it. While the spirit was very strong, and the heroic young girl found peace in living for others, the warning came. She must rest. A little longer she struggled, then sank, and there was no help for her. Her earthly work was done. . . . The old man wept like a child. I could not weep. In my heart a rebellious voice was saying: 'It must not be. Grace shall not die. Life is worthless without her.'

'That evening she was my wife. I begged that it might be so: that I might not lose sight of her while she remained. How beautiful she was — my Grace — in that hour, with the dark hair brushed back from the pale forehead, the unnatural brightness that shone in her eyes, and the burning crimson in her cheek.

'*"To love and cherish till death us do part."* Are those words uttered, with a full feeling of their significance, when hopes are bright and life seems only to have commenced? To us they were full of solemn import. Death might come to do his work in one week, one day, one hour; and I should have no Grace, no wife.

'But she was mine, mine! and together we waited the summons that should separate us. In the few days that remained, she told me of the bright hopes of the future, *our* future, that had sustained her in the days of trial, and of the faith that had made all things easy to bear.

'*"If I had known it would end so, Paul,"* she said, *"I would have*

told you ; but I thought I was stronger, and would work bravely without telling you any thing that would pain you, and you would soon come. But it is all right. I shall be yours in the other home. Walk worthily here, Paul. Consecrate yourself to a noble life : remember all the dreams of your youth, and let them become living realities in your life, and perhaps in the home to which I am going, I shall know it all.'

'Thus the days passed till the messenger came, and Grace went with him.'

My uncle sat a long time, with his head resting on the table before him, before he spoke again. Then he continued : 'It is thirty years since Grace's mother and brothers came to my home. Mrs. Hyde lived but a few years, and one by one the brothers — there were three of them — made homes for themselves, and I was left alone.

'In this room I kept the books and plants she loved, and her portrait hung always above my study-table ; and so I almost lived in her presence. But there were times, when my loneliness seemed insupportable, and life was a weary burden, I would gladly lay down, that I might go to her.

'Once I have seen her. Do not doubt it, Miriam. Five years ago, I was very ill for many weeks. Grace's portrait was taken from the library, and carried to my chamber, that during the long days when I had only servants for attendants, I might have her face continually before me. The disease gained ground, and my physician insisted that I must have some more suitable attendant. I had at that time no near friend or relative within many miles' distance, and so Dr. Ives brought Jane Hope to the house. I had met her frequently in the homes of my patients, and knew her as a faithful nurse.

'In my half-dreaming moods, I had fancied that Grace was with me, and it was not always pleasant to be awakened by the touch of a hand, larger and rougher than hers, and to hear a voice that had precision and hardness in its tones, when I had been dreaming of the voice so long silent. But I learned to know Jane better, and to value her practical knowledge.

'One night the narcotics I had taken, instead of producing their usual effect, had brought on a state of feverish wakefulness. Strange, shadowy forms floated around me, sometimes taking to themselves the faces of friends I had known in boyhood. I could not drive them away. I rubbed my eyes, and said, 'There is the table, and there the window. There is nothing between me and them ;' but the next minute the space would be filled with my ghostly visitors. Stephen Grant, who in college bore the name of Euclid Grant, from his devotion to his favorite study, and something of a mathematical precision in every action, stood at the foot of my bed, in the dim light, wearing the same look of imperturbable gravity, his head covered with triangles, and his hands filled with circle and squares. In a low, monotonous voice, he was reciting the causes of my disease, and prescribing for its cure :

'Let A B be the disease, and C D the time. Then to the square of ——' He was interrupted by the dancing entrance of the young girl, who thirty-five years before had taught him lessons with which Euclid had nothing to do. She came with the freshness of spring-time around her, bearing in her hands arbutus flowers, violets, and daisies, which she threw upon our Euclid. They fell upon him, and wreathed themselves around the angles, circles, and squares in which he had buried himself. Then a violin on the table commenced playing a lively strain; and tables, chairs, and ghostly forms in wild confusion mingled in the dance, and I saw no more.

'When I awoke, the light still burned dimly, and the portrait of my lost Grace looked tenderly, pityingly upon me, and I knew that through all the long years of loneliness, thus had she looked down upon my desolate home. When my sorrow had seemed greater than I could bear, one thought had strengthened me: the thought that in the home to which she had gone, I should never more be lonely: she would be mine forever.

'But that night, the earthly future seemed so long, and the way leading through it so weary and desolate, in my agony I cried: 'How long! oh! how long!' Then the face changed. It became a living face, as full of tenderness as before, but wearing a cheerful, hopeful look; and — you will think it a dream, Miriam, but I was not sleeping — I saw her as plainly as I see you now. She seemed to step down from the canvas, and noiselessly to approach me. I tried to rise. I stretched forth my arms to clasp her; but the waving of her hand repelled me, and her upward look seemed to say, 'Not here, but there.' She drew nearer, and then I saw Jane Hope, my kind, faithful nurse, by her side. Then she took Jane's hand in her own — that little, pale hand — and holding it a moment, she placed it in mine, and said, in those low, sweet tones, thrilling my whole being: 'Take her, Paul, my Paul: she will help you and comfort you, till you come to me. I am waiting for you, Paul: in His time you will come, and then, my own ——' I knew nothing more of that strange night, nor of many following days and nights.

'During the days of convalescence, the portrait had such a happy look; and when Jane brought me the tempting delicacies, she could so well prepare, there was a smile of sweet contentment on the face. So I learned to watch for Jane's coming, and to be very happy when she sat by me, busy with her sewing, or when I could watch her moving around the room, giving those indescribable touches to its arrangements which do so much to please the eye.

'When I was well enough to go out, Jane came one morning to tell me she was going away. I told her all, and asked her to stay with me always. The next week we were married; and my kind, good nurse has proved the kindest and best of wives.'

A strange ending to all of Paul Eastman's early hopes: a strange awakening from his young dreams. From Grace, the beautiful and gifted Grace, purified by suffering, whose saintly life was a holy memory in the hearts of all who loved her, to cold, stern,

practical Jane Hope, the faithful house-keeper, and alas! nothing more, how great the change!

Did the young wife, looking down upon his earthly needs, send a messenger to give Paul Eastman a wife, who should mend his stockings, and keep his house clean; make his gruel and his bed; nurse his gout and prescribe for his rheumatism; or was it an overdose of morphine that did the work? Who shall say? He firmly believed that Jane was sent to him by Grace, and so he is content; while I—I only 'tell the tale as 't was told to me.' MIRIAM GRAY.

T H E E N D O F A U T U M N .

FROM THE GERMAN.

Gloomy clouds, autumnal air,
Falling leaves by winds o'ertaken;
From the groves no song we hear:
Ah! how mournful: how forsaken!

Winter cometh, deathly cold:
Forest! where are all thy pleasures?
Bright fields, laughing golden grain,
Where are now thy waving treasures?

Drear and chill the day has grown;
O'er the meadows mists are flying;
Through the desert forests moan
Doleful cries: the season dying.

Heart! oh! hearest thou the start
Of the brooklet madly leaping?
And dost thou remember, Heart!
When we wandered by it weeping?

Heart, thou hast often grieved thyself,
Drinking pain and sorrow ever:
Thou hast loved, and thou hast hoped:
Soon we part, to meet—oh! never!

'Till our parting I shall watch;
With my love I will surround thee:
Let us hope that soon, O Heart!
Storms less fierce may sweep around thee.

That our last, sad, dreary hour,
We may meet serene, and sleeping,
O'er our rest the gray skies lower,
And alone the rain-clouds weeping.

Brooklyn, January, 1888.

AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON.

T O L A O N .

I.

Is she singing to thee ever,
The songs I once did sing ?
Or perhaps those words may never
In thy halls of memory ring ;
Perhaps the much-loved beauty,
Which thy fond heart now beguiles,
Cheers the path of love and duty
With happier songs and smiles.

II.

Is her eye still shining on thee,
With a bright and happy light,
Dost repay that happy lightness
Whilst my sun-shine's quenched in night ?
Doth she twine with fond caressing
Thy threads of golden hair ?
Dost repay her with a blessing
Unminding my despair ?

III.

When thy heart is sad, desponding,
Doth she charm the gloom away :
And when the sun-light glimmers,
Doth she make it brighter day ?
Doth she love thee, doth she love thee,
More than all others do ?
Then repay her with thy blessing,
And I will bless her too.

IV.

I will bless her, though a bitter strife
Is welling in my heart,
I will bless her, though the agony
Of pain may not depart :
I will bless her, I will bless her,
Though my sad heart still shall break,
I will bless her, I will bless her,
But only for thy sake.

V.

But ere the wooing's ended,
But ere the rites begin,
Know that chord of sympathy
Alone thy love did win ;
And it must be no common chord,
But one whose subtle touch
Responds to all the shadings
Which thy spirit needs so much.

VI.

A silver-toned electric wire,
 That owns no straying hand,
 To kindle a consuming fire,
 But rather a demand
 For the lightest touching of a breath
 To kindle on its strings,
 Like an Æolian harp, the air
 Which heavenly music brings.

VII.

And if these, if these should fail thee,
 Then will thy spirit know
 How much of human happiness
 Hath charmed my life below :
 And the scorn that now is beaming,
 As thy cold eyes on me shine,
 Will be quenched with the gleaming
 Of despair, e'en like to mine.

CTTHNA.

A S A D S T O R Y .

I.

THE thought has often occurred to me, when I have wondered where novelists procure their materials, (for it really seems that every theme should be exhausted by this time,) that perhaps every individual, as dull as real life appears, could relate some passage from his own experience not unworthy of being presented to the world ; and that if these several passages could be collected and woven together by some skilful artist, we would always have on hand a supply of novels and romances far more amusing and profitable than the majority of those that are daily issuing from the press. Are not the most famous writers those who have the most faithfully 'held the mirror up to nature?' Are they not those who have the most accurately described the developments of human nature on certain occasions and in certain emergencies? Are not our most highly-prized novels those that contain the most truthful portraitures of ordinary men and ordinary women ; and do we not say that their fidelity to nature is the best test of their excellence? The great masters, in fact, seize upon those ordinary events and transactions, which we ourselves attach no importance to, and pass by unnoticed, and by means of them exhibit us to ourselves in such a manner that we are in turn surprised and delighted, and cannot tell why. This thought has induced me to review my own life with a view to corroborate its truth, and although the nine-and-twenty years which I can remember to have passed, certainly appear monotonous, and barren of interest, yet I think I

could present one or more passages not altogether devoid of amusement and perhaps instruction. One which has left a vivid impression on my memory, on account of its tragi-comic character, I will now endeavor to relate.

My father was a school-master. The teacher, whose thankless task it is to correct obstinacy, encourage stupidity, and rarely to guide precocity, must gradually acquire a reputation, as is the case in other professions; and although every little village, in these days of educational advantages, can boast of its Institute, whose merits are fully set forth in the county newspaper, yet it is not every pedagogue that is considered worthy to take charge of such important interests. My father, therefore, had had some experience in 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' and was favorably known as an instructor of youth, when he was elected President of the Flowerville Female Institute. He felt that a great honor had been conferred upon him, and thought himself partially, if not fully, rewarded for many years of patient endurance and thankless drudgery. In his elation, he even went so far as to write to his brother, who had represented an 'intelligent' constituency in the Legislature two or three times, and on that account esteemed himself 'the flower of the family,' that he considered it a greater honor to be the president of a respectable institution of learning than to have a seat in the Legislature *in perpetuo*. And he was right. Honors, however, be they small or be they great, do not always sit lightly upon the wearers of them, but usually call forth a corresponding degree of exertion, and give rise to increased anxiety. The man who is elevated to any station, soon finds that a great deal is expected of him that he had not anticipated, and that he must struggle even to maintain his respectability. So it proved in my father's case at least.

It is customary for all schools now, I believe, to have what they term 'annual examinations,' on which occasions parents, and the 'friends of education generally,' have an opportunity of witnessing the really or apparently severe ordeal through which the pupils have to pass, and of judging in regard to the progress they have made in their respective studies—a custom of doubtful utility, inasmuch as the pupils may, by dint of memorizing and sundry other methods, very glibly answer questions upon sciences of which they have as little real knowledge as 'the man in the moon.' My father, however, was a man who believed in a conscientious discharge of duty, and scorned to resort to such base subterfuges; it was owing, therefore, in a great measure, to the faithful manner in which he had labored, that the annual examination of the Flowerville Female Institute, which took place in June, 184—, came off with considerable *éclat*. It was owing partly to the fact that the great Dr. N —, who enjoyed some celebrity as an orator, delivered on that occasion a literary address of considerable eloquence and power. It was owing, in a great measure, too, to the grace and dignity with which Miss V —, the music-teacher, presided at the concerts, for I noticed that great satisfaction was

evinced, when it was announced that the services of that excellent teacher had been secured for the ensuing session. It was owing to all these things, and to something more, as I shall presently intimate, that when the bustle and excitement of the examination had died away, the trustees, and others 'deeply interested' in the welfare of the institution, besought my father to make an 'electioneering tour' during the vacation which ensued.

My father was something of an old fogey. In vain he regretted that 'the electioneering principle, engendered by political strife, had permeated all the ramifications of society, sapping and corrupting in its course the dearest and most sacred interests, even the educational and religious;' in vain he asserted that 'an institution owed it to its own dignity to stand or fall upon its own merits;' in vain he argued that if he should 'labor earnestly, faithfully, and *unobtrusively*,' that if he 'should do a good work,' the Flowerville Institute would certainly not languish through want of patronage; that it would grow less rapidly perhaps, but more surely; that 'people would soon find out where the honey was, and would swarm to it like bees.' Mr. Trigger, however, was of an entirely different opinion. That was 'all very pretty talk, no doubt,' but it brought about no practical results in this enlightened age. Said he: 'The examination has passed off splendidly; Dr. N——'s address was a grand affair; Miss V——'s concerts were magnificent, and the pupils seemed perfectly at home in all their studies; all these things have produced a tremendous impression, and it is only necessary now for you to follow it up by going round to see the people.'

Mr. Puffer said that the 'Rev. Mr. Cologne (my father's predecessor) built up the school in that manner. He scoured the whole country; preached wherever he could, in order to show the people how smart a man he was; never failed to leave a good impression wherever he staid all night; flattered the women and children, and was 'hail fellow, well met,' with the men; and the consequence was, that the school, in a very short time, ran up to a hundred and eighty scholars; that under my father's administration, it had never exceeded eighty, and never would, unless he pursued a similar course.'

Mr. Puffer's brother said that 'People in that section of the country were so accustomed to that sort of thing, that, even if they were dying to send their children, they never would do it until he asked 'em; that they expected it, and would be offended if he did n't.'

Mr. Holden, however, soon put an end to the matter by observing: 'I know several gentlemen that intend sending their children somewhere next year, and have recently made inquiries as to what schools they would probably send. Mr. Such-an-one — Mr. Trigger, you know very well — I understand, thinks of sending his daughters to Rosewater Seminary; Mr. Such-another, I have heard, has not yet made up his mind, but thinks he will send his to Magnolia Institute; in short, I have heard of several who have spoken of

sending their children to various other schools, and I think, with a little persuasion — by presenting to them the great inducements of cheapness, healthy locality, good society, etc. — they could all be easily prevailed upon to send here. In fact,' added Mr. H —, oracularly, 'you must court the 'dear public' if you wish to succeed; they are as fond of it as any young lady.'

How could my father resist such overwhelming arguments? Mr. Holden's especially was a 'clincher,' and he knew it, and intended that it should be so. It was thus decided that Dr. B — (my father was a M.D., not an LL.D.) should make the 'tour.' The next question was, in what manner should he travel? He was at the time severely afflicted with boils, and could not ride horse-back. He had no buggy, and did not feel able to buy one. Mr. Holden knew this, and remarked very quickly: 'Oh! no, you must not ride horse-back, it would never do to travel in *that style*. Never mind, you need n't be in such a hurry; you've concluded to go on the 'tour;' that will do for to-day; you have sufficient time to make all necessary arrangements. Come up in town to-morrow, and we'll talk the matter over.'

My father called on Mr. H — the next day. That gentleman, after duly impressing him with the fact, that it was necessary, in order to make an impression, to travel in *becoming style*, casually observed: 'Well, Doctor, a buggy is a very nice affair, but since you do not feel willing to incur that expense, you would perhaps not object to a *sulky*. In fact, as you travel alone, I think it preferable in many respects to a buggy; it is lighter, not so fatiguing to a horse, and is becoming quite the *style* with gentlemen now-a-days.'

The Doctor seemed struck with the idea, and inquired where he could get one, in case he should conclude to travel in that way.

Mr. H — replied: 'Well, I scarcely know — let me see — I have one, but I frequently have occasion to use it, and cannot conveniently part with it; but if you cannot do any better, it is probable that we may make a trade.'

My father went out to make inquiries, as he did not desire to deprive Mr. Holden of his sulky. He soon ascertained, however, that he could not 'do any better,' and returned to Mr. H —. (The latter did *not* know that sulkies were scarce, mind you!)

'Well, Doctor, what about the sulky; did you find one to suit you?'

'Let me look at yours, Mr. Holden; I may buy it, if you are willing to dispose of it at a reasonable price.'

'Well, Doctor, I am very anxious for you to go on that 'tour,' and I will let you have it at a reasonable price.'

They went to look at the sulky. It was an old, dilapidated 'affair,' that had seen several years' service; but H — had carefully dusted it on the preceding day, so that on this occasion, it presented a tolerable appearance. H — expatiated freely on all its good 'qualities,' the strength and soundness of the material, etc.; admitted that it had seen some service, but suggested that 'a very

little expense would make it as good as new; in fact, it would be hard to find a better piece of workmanship.'

'Well,' said my father, by way of putting a stop to him, 'what do you ask for it?'

'Doctor, that sulky cost me, when new, one hundred and fifty dollars, and I could not *think* of taking less than one hundred dollars for it.'

'W-h-e-w!' was the reply. 'You ask too much, Mr. H —, too much.'

'Not a dime, Sir. You are not a judge of a sulky, Dr. B —. Well, if one hundred dollars is too much, what is enough?'

'I think fifty dollars is enough. I may not be a judge, but I really think you are asking a double price for it, Mr. Holden.'

'W-h-e-w! I would let it rot, before I would *think* of taking that, Doctor. Why, what can you be thinking about, Sir? Look here, Sir.'

He thereupon submitted the vehicle to a thorough reëxamination, pointed out once more all its good parts, explained its construction, in order to convince Dr. B — that 'he knew nothing about a sulky;,' in short, his soft manner and persuasive eloquence made such an impression upon my father, that he ventured to interrupt him, by inquiring if he 'would split the difference,' that is, if he would take seventy-five dollars for it, adding at the same time, that, 'If the vehicle were worth twice as much, it would be impossible for him to give more, because he could not afford the expense.'

'Well,' said Mr. Holden, 'I will see you to-morrow. In the mean time, I will consult Mrs. Holden, and see what she says.'

'I will consult Mrs. B —,' said Dr. B —. So they both went home, and consulted their wives. It is unnecessary for me to add, that my father paid Mr. Holden seventy-five dollars for the sulky.

(N. B.: Mr. Holden was probably very right when he said 'Dr. B — knew nothing about a sulky,' for I very well remember that, though the vehicle had been but rarely used, a vain endeavor was made to make some one a present of it about a year afterward.)

When he had partially recovered from his boils, Dr. B —, well armed with neatly-printed catalogues of the Flowerville Female Institute, set out, in the memorably-stylish sulky, upon his grand 'electioneering tour.' It was his intention to proceed first into Marshall County, where he had formerly resided, and had many friends and acquaintances.

II.

ABOUT dusk one evening, a few days after the events narrated in the preceding chapter had transpired, I perceived a horseman riding very rapidly up the long avenue that led to the Institute, and much to my surprise and delight, I recognized in him, when he had dismounted, my dear young friend and former school-mate,

Jim Horry. Much to my surprise, I say, because Jim Horry was clerking in Clayton, a little village about thirty miles distant, and as he had visited us a few weeks before, during the examination, I hardly thought, though I knew he was very much attached to the family, that he would, after so short an interval, leave his business, and take a long and fatiguing ride, merely through a desire to pay us an ordinary visit. I suspected nothing unusual, however — least of all, the truth — and my voice was full of gladness as I bade him alight, running at the same time to meet him at the gate. ‘Why, Jim, is that you; how are you? I am glad to see you, though I was not expecting you. Give us your hand. Come in.’

I noticed that he did not greet me with a merry smile, as was his wont, and that it was in a sad and languid tone he addressed me with — ‘How are you, Frank? I am glad to see you.’

As soon as I heard his voice, I narrowly observed his countenance, and perceiving that it wore an expression of unusual solemnity, and a vague suspicion at the same time darting through my mind, I almost involuntarily exclaimed: ‘Why, Horry, what’s the matter with you?’

‘Frank,’ said he, slowly and sadly, ‘my dear friend, prepare yourself for the worst!’

‘Good God!’ said I. ‘What’s — what’s the matter?’

‘Your father is dead!’

It would be impossible to describe my sensations at that moment. I was so rejoiced at seeing my friend; my father’s death was so unexpected an event, that the change from a high elevation to a sudden depression of feeling was too great to take place immediately; and though I experienced a sinking at the heart, I did not at once feel the full force of the blow. It was, therefore, with a voice of some calmness, that seemed to surprise my friend, that I exclaimed: ‘Dead! Impossible! Come, tell me — how — by an accident?’

‘He was drowned!’ said he, in almost a whisper. ‘There have been very heavy rains recently in Marshall, and the creeks are very much swollen. The Doctor was crossing the Salatchie. You know the bridge near Linnville is quite old and rotten. He was afraid, it seems, to cross over it, and attempted to ford the creek. In doing so, he was drowned.’

‘The body!’ said I shudderingly, ‘the body has — been found; where is it?’

‘No! The body has not been found. They were searching for it when I left. It was washed down by the current, which is very swift.’

A ray of hope darted into my soul! The body had not been found! I knew that my friend Horry possessed a very excitable temperament; that he was very easily operated upon, and thought it probable that he had given a false alarm. Yet I knew that he would not have taken such a long ride as the bearer of such sad intelligence, if he had entertained the shadow of a doubt respect-

ing my father's death. So I requested him to give me all the particulars.

'I received,' said he, 'all my information from lawyer Williams, who was just from Linnville, where he had been attending court. He said that the Doctor left Linnville yesterday morning, and that a few hours afterward a gentleman arrived in the town, who stated that he had just crossed the Salatchie, and that he discovered a sulky in the creek near the bank, with the water almost overflowing it. He saw some papers floating on the surface of the water, and upon inspecting them, found them to be catalogues of the Flowerville Institute. The shafts of the vehicle were broken; pieces of the harness were attached to them; and, to all appearances, the horse had made a violent effort to free himself. The Doctor, it seems, was not acquainted with the ford, and had no idea the descent was so steep; when the shafts broke he was evidently precipitated into the water under the struggling horse, and was thus prevented from rising to the surface. The Doctor, I know, was a good swimmer, and must have become entangled in some way.'

'Yes,' said I; 'he was quite lame with boils, and was unable to make any violent exertion.'

I was beginning to think there was but little hope; yet it was hard for me to realize that *my* father was dead. I reflected still farther upon the matter, however, and became more hopeful. I thought it did not necessarily follow that he was drowned, because the sulky was found in that situation.

'Horry,' said I, 'he may have taken his horse and gone to seek assistance.'

'No! no! Diligent search was made for him in the neighborhood, and he could not be found. I think it best, my dear friend, not to nourish hopes that are soon to be blasted. I trust it may not be so, but I believe there is no ground for hope. The evidence is very strong; I cannot see how it can be otherwise. Lawyer Williams, you know, is a man not likely to spread an idle tale.'

My poor mother! How could the ill tidings be communicated to her! Apart from the ties of affection, there were many reasons why my father's death was to be considered a sad calamity. Our family was large, and almost entirely dependent upon him for a support. I, a mere stripling of sixteen, was the oldest child. I had been going to school all my life, and had no knowledge of business. The blow would fall heavily for another reason. Death had never before darkened our door with the shadow of his wing. While we had seen him numbering his victims all around us; while there was a vacant place by the fire-side of almost every family in our acquaintance, our large circle remained complete. We often thought that God had been too good to us, and looked toward the future with dread and apprehension. And now the terrible blow had come. We had not expected this; we never thought that our main stay and support would be taken from us. We had hoped

that Death would have claimed some other victim, (though we would fain have spared none,) and now, as his form entered the door, the shadow it cast deepened into a fearful darkness.

When Horry entered the house, and presented himself to the family, he was received with a cordiality that made my heart-strings quiver, when I thought how soon the scene would be changed to one of mourning and lamentation; when I reflected how poorly prepared they all were to meet the blow. I left the room, for I was unable to summon sufficient resolution to witness the effect the sad news would have upon my mother. I had not been gone long, before I heard a shriek that I will remember to my dying day. It betrayed the agony of her despair. I quickly returned. My poor mother was sitting in a chair, with her face buried in her hands; and the little innocent children were clustering around her, as if they would seek protection from some unknown evil which threatened her, their little faces expressive of mute astonishment: ah! it was a sight to make the heart bleed. My dear friend Horry was kneeling beside her, the tears streaming from his eyes, offering vain consolation. Oh! how I appreciated his kind offices, though I felt how impotent was all human consolation at that moment!

'Mrs. B——,' said he, 'the ways of PROVIDENCE are mysterious; but they are always for the best. Put your trust in HIM. Remember that HE has promised to protect the fatherless and the widow, and that HE will not desert you in the hour of trouble. I know that this is a sad affliction; but God intends it for the best; therefore you should be reconciled.'

'O James! I had not dreamed of this! My poor, poor, little, innocent children, thrown upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world! Their mother a poor widow, unable to struggle for them. O God! could I not have been spared the anguish of this hour? If he could only have died in the bosom of his family; but to have met'—I could perceive her shudder as the thought came over her—'with such a horrible death: no friendly hand near to lend assistance—drowned! drowned! O God! I cannot, cannot submit!'

I tried to console her by exciting her hopes. I told her that all the circumstances attending the accident might be just as Horry had stated them; but they were not proof positive of his death: he had perhaps gone to seek assistance: it might all be explained in a hundred ways. I, for my part, would never rest satisfied until the body should be discovered, or a sufficient time should elapse. But it was all of no avail. With her, the mere supposition was absolute certainty.

'No, Frank! you will never see your poor father any more. He lies under the cold, dark waters. My poor boy! what will become of you: where is your high ambition now? We shall never see him again.'

The news, somehow or other, spread rapidly over the village, and in a few minutes Mr. Trigger and Mr. Puffer came in. I soon

wished that they had not come. Contrasted with Harry, how cold they seemed! Had they felt inclined to offer it, they perhaps saw that consolation would have been in vain; but the apparently cold manner in which they made inquiries about the accident, evinced so little sympathy, that I conceived an aversion to them which I could never overcome afterward. I thought too, that it was for the purpose of furthering their own private interests (they were owners of real estate) that they importuned my father to go on this 'tour.'

Horry having held a consultation with them, it was decided that the next day, I, with a few friends, should proceed to Linnville, in order to see if the body had been discovered; and if so, to convey it home for the purpose of burial. Horry was to remain with the family until my return.

Though I tried to feel hopeful, my reflections that night were not very consolatory. When I looked toward the future, all was dark and dismal. I thought of the many aspirations, common to ambitious youth, that I had cherished: aspirations which I thought would have been realized, had my father lived. I had longed to go to college, and he had promised to gratify me. It was to this bitter disappointment that my mother alluded. It was hard to surrender those bright and glorious hopes, that had so long mingled in my day-dreams; hopes that had created a longing for the slowly-approaching future, when I might nobly take part in the strife on 'the world's wide field of battle.' My father was dead: these hopes, these aspirations were crushed. But to my credit it must be said, that among these dark pictures, there came up a nobler and a brighter one: that of a poor frail boy, with a mother, and brothers and sisters dependent upon him, bravely buffeting the tide of adversity, with the heart of a man, and an arm nerved by the exigency of the occasion, resisting and overcoming all obstacles, struggling on until they should cease to feel the loss of the father, until an independence should be secured for them by the son.

Early next morning I set out to go to Linville, accompanied by three friends, old Mr. Plann, young Trigger, and Jim Holman. We rode together for some time in silence; they through respect for my grief; and I occupied with my own gloomy thoughts. At length old Mr. Plann broke the silence, which had doubtless become oppressive, by way of offering me consolation. I knew my father to be a conscientious, upright man, one who had earnestly striven to do his duty; but never before had I heard his character expanded into so many noble traits, as it was by Mr. Plann: though I believed him to be respected, I was not aware that his neighbors and friends entertained for him such sincere admiration. All this, if it had any effect at all, tended only to make me feel my loss more severely. I was thinking of the sad scene that probably awaited me at the termination of that day's journey. I had never witnessed but one death by drowning, and that had left an indelible impression on my memory. I had once seen a young man meet this sad fate, and I could not remember without an instinctive horror, his sudden transition from life to eternity; from hale, vigorous

young manhood to the cold embrace of death : the agonizing cry, 'For God's sake save me !' the rush to the rescue, and the mournful, 'Too late ! too late !' and the dark waters of the merciless river flowing on, as they closed over him, as silently and deceitfully as ever. I saw him at one moment full of the buoyancy of young life, with fond expectations, doubtless, that were to be realized in the coming future ; at another, snatched, without previous warning, into that mysterious existence toward which we are all hastening ; and while the important lesson of the necessity of preparation, in view of the uncertainty of life, sank deep into my mind, I felt a strange, sad interest in him who had met with such an untimely fate.

If I could be thus interested in a stranger, what would be my sensations when I should gaze upon the well-known lineaments of a dead father ? Of a father, who had not died on a couch of repose, with those around him whom he held most dear on earth, to ease the weary head, or soothe the aching brow : no loved one near to receive the parting breath ; but alone, struggling convulsively with the dark element that closed remorselessly above him and around him : no one near to hear his last agonizing cry ; no friendly hand to succor ! And when I imagined the pangs he must have suffered as he thought of the widow and the fatherless, it was too much : I could not endure it, and listened willingly to young Trigger and Holman, as they spoke of the improbability of the truth of the report, and the probability of our meeting him alive and well ere we should proceed half-way to Linville.

ABOUT an hour after our departure from Flowerville, a gentleman was seen driving a vehicle up the avenue that led to the Institute. Was it a sulky ? Perhaps it was. Who was the gentleman ? Was it Dr. B —, or was it a ghost ? He arrives at the gate. He descends from the vehicle. All rush out of the house. They stop and gaze, as if to assure themselves of the reality, and suddenly, with a loud scream of delight from each, he is clasped in a dozen arms ; and, if it was a ghost, it must be confessed that it possessed considerable substance. He was as 'one risen from the dead.'

III.

In a few hours we reached the little village of Athens, *alias* Liberty Hill. The first person we saw upon our arrival, was John Windell, who, as soon as he perceived us, cried out to us : 'Ho, boys ! how d' ye do ? Stop ! Where are you going ?'

We halted : and when he had come to us, and we had told him of the sad mission on which we were bound, he looked very grave for a while ; but, much to our surprise, soon burst into a laugh, saying : 'Why, boys, you may as well return home : Dr. B — passed through here a few hours ago. As there have been heavy rains recently, he thought the creek might be up on the road by which

you've come; so he took the other road to Flowerville, that he might cross the creek by the bridge, as he did not wish to be drowned a second time.'

Oh! how relieved I felt! I could have embraced John Windell. But now, although an hour before we said that we disbelieved the report, thought it impossible, etc., Windell experienced some difficulty in making us believe that he had really told us the truth. He had to assure us that he was personally acquainted with Dr. B —, that he had conversed with him that very morning: he had to relate that conversation to us, the substance of which was as follows: My father told Windell that, upon meeting with the accident, he took his horse out of the sulky, led him across the old bridge, and proceeded to the nearest house to procure assistance. He was surprised and amused, upon his return a few hours afterward, to find several persons at the creek searching for his dead body. Having learned that the report of his death had spread rapidly, he made haste to return home by way of Clayton. When he arrived there, he found that Horry had departed for Flowerville. He hurried on, travelling all night, in order to relieve his family from anxiety as soon as possible.

Whatever doubts we might still have entertained, were soon dispelled by the appearance of Horry, on his return to Clayton, who informed us that Dr. B — had reached Flowerville, and was safely lodged in the bosom of his rejoicing family.

'Well,' said Jesse Trigger; 'well, boys: what shall we do? It is too early to return home yet: let's all go down to the 'juicery,' and drink to the Doctor's 'health!' 'He was lost, and is found!'

This little village, I have said, rejoiced in the name of Athens, *alias* Liberty Hill. And I am bound to say that, whoever conceived the idea of naming it Athens, must have possessed an imagination that would have put Milton to the blush. What resemblance to the splendor of the city of Minerva could have been traced in the few dilapidated buildings before us, I am unable to conceive. It was composed of about a dozen old houses, situated on a hill, (the Acropolis, I presume,) that commanded a prospect, not of the glorious sea, but of some barren corn-fields. The other name, Liberty Hill, was somewhat more appropriate. It was certainly a hill on which there was a great deal of liberty: liberty to get drunk, liberty to swear, to fight, to run horse-races, and almost to steal or commit murder, without molestation, had a 'gentleman' felt so inclined.

The buoyancy of our spirits can scarcely be imagined, when we found that my father had escaped a watery grave. I was almost wild with the delirium of joy. Jesse Trigger's proposal was eagerly seconded: all of us, that is, old Mr. Plann, Trigger, Holman, Horry, and myself, immediately adjourned to the 'juicery,' where the attentive bar-keeper soon served each with a glass of the beverage suitable for drinking 'healths,' though I cannot aver that its purity was such as to produce a very *healthy* effect upon him who imbibed it. We did n't care for that, however; a few

moments before, our spirits were in such a state of depression, that they could not have well got lower; now they were so elevated by the sudden rebound, that we cared little how much higher, or by what means, they were raised. Under all these influences, our organs of benevolence were so excited, that, duly observing the maxim, 'Charity should begin at home,' we soon commenced drinking each other's 'health;' then every body else's, desiring that our good will should embrace as large a circle as possible. I have only a confused recollection of the events that then transpired. I was unable to treasure up any of the brilliant repartees, and glorious scintillations of wit with which the occasion was honored; for, as I had been used to drinking cold water, (this was my first 'bender,' and Trigger, the rascal! being somewhat of a toper himself, had had the liquors mixed,) I was not fully aware of the magic, I might say Circean influence, certain other beverages can exert. I remember very well, however, that old Mr. Plann and myself, feeling very uneasy upon our legs, retired to the shed in front of the grocery, where having seated ourselves, we were soon transformed into grave statesmen, 'well versed in all the affairs of the nation,' who only wanted to be at the helm of government, to 'remedy all evils, and redress all wrongs.' We discussed freely all the important questions which had agitated the county in a recent political canvass; and such was our friendly unanimity of opinion, that whenever there seemed a possibility of disagreement, we made mutual concessions and admissions, until the former delightful harmony was restored. I was subsequently informed that this agreeable discussion might have continued longer, had not I, thinking that the occasion imperatively demanded it of me, suddenly attempted to rise for the purpose of making a 'temperance speech;' and had not Mr. Plann, thinking that I was sufficiently fatigued by the excitement I had already undergone, with that paternal kindness which characterized him, conducted me to a private place, to find the repose which I so much needed.

The bed to which I was conducted behaved itself very strangely. Had spiritual rappings been then in vogue, the matter might perhaps have been philosophically explained; though I presume it is unnecessary for me to intimate that 'spirits' had something to do with it after all. The bed behaved strangely, I say: it seemed to have an odd tendency to leap through the roof, and I felt certain that had I been reposing on the Acropolis of the genuine Athens, I would have been pitched into the sea. In short, I was drunk, gloriously drunk! Though I know it is disgraceful to get drunk, yet I make these confessions without shame. There are pardonable sins: are we not informed, that when the ministering spirit flew up to heaven's chancery with Uncle Toby's oath, he blushed as he gave it in, and that the recording angel dropped a tear upon the word as he wrote it down, and blotted it out forever? Uncle Toby's case and mine may hardly seem parallel; but if I am not mistaken, in both we may read the same sad moral—the weak-

ness of 'poor human nature.' Therefore, I ask, could I not hope that my sin would be forgiven ?

The bed tossed about with me so, that I soon became affected with a sea-sickness, as it were ; but was somewhat better, though not entirely recovered, when my friend Holman (who was not as drunk as the rest of us) came to inform me that it was time for our party to return to Flowerville. I arose, and after vainly endeavoring to put on my shoes, appealed to Holman to assist me ; but he was so provokingly amused at my ineffectual attempts, that some time elapsed before I could get ready to accompany him. Quite an unexpected scene was awaiting me at the grocery. Upon my arrival there, I found my friend Horry, insensible to all sublunary things, lying under the shed ; and learned upon inquiry, that he had objected to any one's exercising toward him that fatherly regard which Mr. Plann had shown myself, and preferred reposing in the open air. I also learned that he had come very near meeting with a serious accident. It seems that, not satisfied with his long and fatiguing ride of the previous day, and the additional one of the morning, he felt so much confidence in his powers of endurance, and his skill in horsemanship, he had proposed to young Trigger to run a horse-race, and that while proceeding at a furious rate through the street (it had but one) of Athens, he found himself unable to adhere to his horse, and received a fall, which fortunately did not terminate fatally. (I do n't know how true it is, but they say it is a hard matter to hurt a man when he is drunk.) I could not help contrasting his present appearance, as he lay before me in his full proportions, with the scene I had witnessed on the previous evening, when he bade my mother be reconciled to her sad affliction : that there was a God, 'who had promised to protect the fatherless and the widow, and that He would not desert her in the time of trouble.' I was in doubt then whether he was a member of the church, and thought that he would have made a fine preacher : but I'll let that pass : he is a noble fellow, that same Horry.

After vainly endeavoring to arouse him from his lethargic slumbers, we consigned him to the tender care of the grocery-keeper, who promised to protect him from 'all harm and danger.' We then proceeded on our return to Flowerville, which place we would have reached in the most excellent condition, had we not concluded when we arrived at the creek, to take a bath, in order to 'cool off,' as Trigger expressed it ; which bath, however, had such a depressing effect on our 'spirits,' that it made us quite sick. Sick though we were, we entered Flowerville 'right merry and glad ;' our faces beaming with smiles, and presenting quite a contrast to the lugubrious expression they wore that morning as we departed on our sad mission.

We tried to conceal the fact of our having been on a 'bust ;' but some one betrayed us. It did us no harm, however ; though every one knew it, yet no one reproached us with it ; all uniting,

as it seemed, in one common consent to pass it by in the charity of silence. They doubtless appreciated the motives which led to it, and felt no less confidence in our future integrity.

And now, gentle reader, I have finished my SAD story; and leaving you to draw from it whatever moral you please, so it be a harmless one, I bid you a kind farewell.

K. F. D.

Mobile, (Alabama,) February, 1858.

M A R Y ' S R I N G .

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I'M looking on your dead face, MARY, and a smile is on my own,
As to my throbbing heart I hold your bosom cold as stone:
'T is many a year sunk deep in tears since your eyes looked in mine,
And now I kiss your eye-lids close, to break that gaze of thine.

That heart-broke gaze, that same wild gaze which bitterness made firm,
When with a grinding scorn you crushed my loving like a worm,
And snatched from off your finger fair our holy marriage-ring,
And threw it broken at my feet — my poor heart shivering!

Ah! MARY, wife! O MARY, wife! pure as the falling snow
That's drifting now upon the spot where they will lay you low:
Pure as the angels in God's Heaven; pure as now you be,
Sleeping softly in my arms, and turning not from me:

You did not know, you did not know the error you were in;
That bitter malice told the tale that blotted me with sin;
Or else upon this sad dead face the same old smile I'd see,
That used to brighten in your sleep, and tell of dreams of me.

You did not know, my angel wife; but now the light has broken
Upon your heart, that poor crushed heart, and God has to you spoken;
And I may hold this little hand, and press this icy cheek,
And joy to know your lips would part but healing words to speak.

So MARY, wife, awhilest you sleep, this mended ring I slip
Upon your finger — oh! how thin! — and press it to my lip
With holier vow than when we knelt, so many years ago,
And pledged to keep the other's side through weal as well as wo.

Here is your husband's kiss, MARY: now sweetly take your rest,
That mended ring, our marriage-ring, to your bosom fondly pressed;
And in the holy, God-cast light, your dear face stealing o'er,
I read your message, MARY, wife: *You trust me as before.*

TWO PILGRIMAGES TO THE SAME SHRINE.

BY THE LATE EDITOR OF THE LONDON 'COURT GAZETTE.'

MANY years ago, I was one of a party who had determined to undertake a pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon, in England, the birth-place of William Shakspeare. Altogether the party counted six persons, among whom was my father, a comedian retired from his accustomed labors at a theatre 'royal' in London, and then living on a pension that had been granted to him by the government, in virtue of eminent services rendered by a near relative in India. The remainder of the half-dozen, with the exception of myself, (I was not more than twelve years of age,) were all what is known as 'professional' gentlemen, and represented the separate sciences or pursuits of physic, divinity, music, and the law.

All were devotees of Shakspeare. As for my father, he had lectured on the genius of the bard; so, too, had the musician; while those of the long robe, and medicine, had, in their respective ways, testified to the light which the immortal deer-stealer had thrown upon their respective paths. Of myself, I can say that I was a devotee of Shakspeare also, principally, however, through precept and example; the time had not then come for me to understand the great poet as I have since understood him. I had to mingle in the busy crowd of humanity: to see and to suffer, ere I could understand Shakspeare as I do now.

In the days of my first travel from London to Stratford-upon-Avon, stage-coaches were in vogue. These, yoked to the usual four four goodly steeds, (rare specimens of English breed,) were wont to cover the distance in some twelve hours, including the afternoon stoppage at an inn for dinner. I remember very well that we (the enthusiastic six from London) had places taken for us in the fastest of these stages, very appropriately named the 'High-flyer;' a crack vehicle, which it was currently reported, and generally believed, was sure to complete the travel half-an-hour at least under any other stage on the same road. It was a fine morning in summer when we started; and our expectation being that we should reach Stratford-upon-Avon before sunset, all we had to do in the interval was to luxuriate over the beauties of the country we passed through, and the anticipation of the delight in store for us at our journey's end.

Every thing conspired to make the ideal of Shakspeare constantly present. The inn from which we started — an antique pile in London 'within the walls' — with its low gate-way in front, its court-yard, and occupying as it did three sides of a square, being likewise rife of gables, lattice-windows, and galleries on the first upper story; this inn, I say, suggested thoughts of the times when

Prince Hal and fat Jack Falstaff were roysterers together. Then the several landscapes, they also spoke eloquently of Shakspeare; and without difficulty we could realize, as we passed along, the preaching of the melancholy Jacques, the love-wanderings of Orlando and Rosalind, and the slothful pace of the little school-boy, with his 'shining morning face.'

Thus we went on until we had arrived within four miles of Stratford. Our vehicle had gone along right merrily, and had covered the distance in something under the usual average of time; so that we might count upon a sufficient interval until the sun set. We had already determined among ourselves to alight from the stage and walk the remainder of the distance into the town. We (I speak with special reference to my elders) had thought it would be best for us pilgrims to a shrine, to approach it *as* pilgrims, on foot. With all our traditionary love and admiration for stage-coaches, we yet conceived them to be somewhat antithetical to the poetic fervor up to which it was desirable we should work ourselves ere we caught the first view of the spire beneath which Shakspeare lies, or entered the house where he had been born.

We lingered on our way, and at sun-set entered the town. Nothing remained for us to do that night but to look about for a shelter. This we selected in an inn of the first-class, where we first partook of a repast in a private room, and then adjourned to the principal 'parlor,' as it is called in England. The house we had entered was of ancient structure, the same as the house in London we had started from in the morning. We found that in the parlor all the peculiarities of the building had been as it were concentrated though refined. The onion-roses that had appeared on the exterior, were now repeated in the interior, on the ceiling, which was painted a warm cream color; while the paneling of the walls was carved into many a grotesque conceit, and foliated until it almost rivalled a looking-glass in the brightness of its surface. The flooring of the room was of oak, not laid, however, in the fashion of modern floors, in parallel planks, but after a kind of tessellated pattern. Not a stain, not a blemish of any kind rested upon it. The fire-place was an antique piece of work, with heavy bars to protect the fuel, and an arch rising above in oak, on which the carver had displayed his skill, as well as on the paneling. A long table and numerous chairs, all of oak, occupied the centre of the apartment, and pipes, tankards, and glasses were in abundance. We detected only one modern innovation: it was in the windows. They had been bowed, and the panes small, and of diamond formation; but now the fashionable sash, and large, square panes had succeeded: moreover, some light curtains had been added. They had been loosened just prior to our entrance, and shut out the view of the street entirely.

We found a few of the trades-people of the town already in the room; others followed in due order, until we were among as fully-packed an assemblage as could be, in view of personal comfort.

Probably visitors less 'up' in Shakspeare than ourselves, might not have gathered any thing from that tavern scene beyond what we have recorded. It was different with us, however. Our eyes were on every body who entered; our ears attuned to all that was said, in the expectation (here I must remind the reader I speak more in reference to my elders than myself) that, in this tavern-parlor of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the nineteenth century, we should acknowledge to an illustration of other places, in the sixteenth, even of Shakspeare himself.

And we were not disappointed. There, only a few feet from us, sat a portly gentleman, who took extreme pride in reminding the people about him of the important fact, that he had once been mayor of the borough, and had, beside, had his losses and gains. We looked on him, and our recognition of Dogberry, in a modern dress, was instantaneous. Near this ex-official sat another type of the Shakspearian man: a perfect Master Slender, who threw sheep's-eyes' at the pretty little waiting-maid, (another Ann Page,) who tripped in and out of the room. Then there was a Master Shallow, and even a Jack Falstaff: one retailing his London experiences when he was some thirty years younger; the other quaffing — not sack, but ale, and reporting himself as the bravest of the brave, although a single glance at his rubicund visage and his fat chin was enough, we thought, to prove to any man's satisfaction, that this ancient *bon vivant* would rather have joined his historical prototype in the flight *from* Gad's Hill, than have joined in any attack, except at exceedingly long odds, on the travellers wending thither.

We sat up late that night; but indulged in a sound sleep until six o'clock on the morrow morning. At about nine we started on our examination of the town and all its curiosities. Our first visit was to the house in which Shakspeare had been born. That house has been described so fully and so often as to release us from the necessity of copious detail. It will be sufficient for us to say, that even at the era of our visit, the house was in a dilapidated condition. Its custodian was an aged female, who, so far as appearances and costume went, might have been cotemporaneous with the poet himself. She was exceedingly intelligent, and seemed to have as intimate a knowledge of the illustrious personages who had visited there, as she had of Shakspeare himself. On the windows of the room in which the poet first saw the light, a multitude of names had been inscribed by their owners; other names, more famous, and the property of history, had also been inscribed in a book kept for that purpose. In connection with this book, our memory enables us to record an occurrence which is favorable to the illustrious man referred to, as it must be interesting to all true American citizens.

'Washington Irving!' That was one among the names in the book — a name which, I remember, one of our party placed his finger against, as though instinctively; when the old lady commenced an eloquent description of the great American writer, and

an eulogy on his liberality. It appeared that the author of the 'Knickerbocker' had paid a visit to Stratford a short time since, and had manifested a more than usual interest in every thing appertaining to Shakspeare, a peculiarity common to Americans generally. Irving had also been liberal in his gift, or 'compliment' to the aged attendant. She wished him well from the bottom of her heart; and if he ever came to England again, it was to be hoped he would not forget Stratford-upon-Avon.

From the birth-place of Shakspeare to his grave, is a change naturally suggested. We bent our steps to the latter, and found it precisely what it has so often been described to be — plain and unostentatious. We lingered long over it, also in the examination of the poet's bust, said to be an extraordinary likeness. Leaving the hallowed pile, our next turns were to the several scenes of historic renown, in the neighborhood — the estate of the Lucys, from which, it is alleged, Shakspeare stole deer; the village where Ann Hathaway had lived, and the plains over which the dramatist, no doubt, often strolled with boyish companions.

After a sojourn of three days in Stratford, we took our departure — I, as a boy, with an instinctive love for quiet, country scenes, and a lover, as well as I could be, of Shakspeare — well pleased with what I had seen; my companions, I must believe, from their superior age and experience, greatly delighted.

YEARS had passed away. Of the six persons who had taken a pilgrimage to the birth-place and grave of Shakspeare, only one survived — the youngest. He had, of course, grown up to man's estate, and with his growth, his love and appreciation of the great poet had increased in proportionate degree.

For him a *second* pilgrimage had been reserved; and when he went on it, he felt his mind in the best possible tone and condition to enjoy the travel. A keen observer of mankind, he had qualified himself for the fullest possible appreciation of the Shakspeare genius. Another reason, which lent interest to this, his second travel to the poet's shrine, was the circumstance of his purposed departure from England, for this country. All his preparations for travel being concluded, and only a few days remaining for him to pass on land, he had determined his present journey should have something like a religious character imparted to it.

He left the great metropolis at sun-rise on a summer morning, not on the outside of a stage, as he had years by-gone, for stages had vanished from the road; neither as the occupant of a railway-train, several of which were at his service: no, by neither of these methods did our traveller cover the distance he had to go. But choosing the old, deserted high-road, in modest garb, and with serious mind, he went along; resting at the end of his first day out, at a village inn, mid-way, and ere the evening sun-set, arriving at the place of his destination.

He saw that Stratford-upon-Avon had changed but little since his visit almost twenty years ago. There was the house in which the poet had been born, apparently as dilapidated as it had ever been; there was the same beautiful church, with its steeple pointing up toward heaven; the same sweet, green spots of country; and in the town itself, the same quietude, and the same old-fashioned, comfortable inns.

I (it is time the first person, singular, should be resumed in writing) entered one of these inns. It was not the one I had entered before, nor was the apartment I selected of a character similar to that of the apartment I had sat in while a boy-visitor. I had my reasons for the selection. During my first pilgrimage at Stratford-upon-Avon, a frequenter, as I was, of the 'best' room of a tavern, I, and those with me, had received experience of one phase of human life, illustrated there, by the living, at that moment, as it had been illustrated by Shakspeare, near three centuries since. The circumstance had seemed to be a striking exemplification of the poet's universality of genius, and I thought the fates had been propitious. It was my hope that they would be so now, in again illustrating our poet, though by different characters and in a different scene. Therefore, I selected the humbler place of sojourn.

It was the general room of a tavern; the room which peasant, serving-men, and mechanics were in the habit of patronizing. Being Saturday evening, the place was full. Many were those among my neighbors whom I could easily identify, at least in aspect, with the Shakspearian character. Yonder, for instance, although in no parti-colored suit, was a veritable Touchstone, whose sayings were an odd admixture of quaintness and wisdom; close by him, was *his* Audrey, a buxom, wholesome-blooded young woman, who, in her native simplicity of heart, could exclaim, 'The gods give us joy,' with as much earnestness as her prototype of Amiens was wont to do. There, also, was another old Adam, a grand-sire of seventy winters, but to whom winter itself had not been over-tyrannous, who was lusty still.

Nor was this all. Hitherto, it had been the lighter muse of Shakspeare which had received illustration in this tavern-room, just as it had been, many years since, in a place not very far hence. But there is a little of the more serious here. Behold it in yon *very* aged man, sometimes almost senile in his speech, gracious and petulant by turns, and who, as it is getting near the mid-night hour, lapses into a sort of semi-slumber, mumbling all the time fragments of broken sentences.

Is not he the Lear of humble life? Yes. Has he a Cordelia? Yes to that as well. Where? There, just entered the apartment; the youngest of his children, who seeks him out tenderly, wraps him up well, and leads him from the old, harmless resort, to his home, carefully as ever mother tended her baby.

Shakspeare! type of the universal! Another proof of what thou art, even here!

The next day, being the Sabbath, I attended divine service in Stratford church; and when the shades of evening began to fall, prepared for my journey back to London. Solitary in body, although over-full in mind, I had left the town some distance behind me, when, arriving at a turn in the road, beyond which, I knew, every sign of the place would be shut out, I said to myself that I would take my 'last look.' A knoll, or little hill, afforded me the opportunity for this; I ascended. There, in the calm distance, was the place immortalized by the genius of a man of whom it has been truly declared, 'he was not of one age, but for all time;' the fields where he had wandered in boyish glee; the church beneath whose antique aisle his body had been buried! Had I been a painter, what a picture could I have limned from the figures then flitting in my mind's eye! What a picture could I now describe, could I command the limits! Then, indeed, was my soul fully conscious of the might, the glory of Shakspeare; then, uncovering my head, and bending reverentially toward the beautiful, foliated spire of Stratford church, and with something like a moisture gathering in my eye, did I say, 'Farewell!' I knew it was forever, and then went, saddened, on my way.

WE 'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

We 're growing old together,
 We 're growing old apace,
 And tell-tale care and sorrow strew
 Their lines upon thy face:
 Yet still as dear to me art thou
 As when in youth's bright morn
 The ruby lip and rosy cheek
 Did thy fair face adorn.

We 're growing old together,
 As time flies swiftly by,
 And tearful grief has somewhat dimmed
 The lustre of thine eye:
 Yet still it beams as fondly, love,
 As when we stood beside
 The old oak-tree — I held your hand —
 And asked you for my bride.

We 're growing old together,
 But still our hearts are young,
 And future days of changeful life
 Shall find us brave and strong:
 And may affection true enchain
 Our hearts together still,
 As oft in days of yore we felt
 The same emotions thrill.

H. G. C.

T O M ' S W E D D I N G .

I.

It happened on one Sunday night,
That SALLY love and me,
We rigged ourselves in wedding plight,
That plighted we might be.

II.

So down the street we almost ran,
To get the splicing done ;
And see if we could meet one man
All meet to make us one.

III.

But as upon our way we sped,
Our hearts went boiling o'er ;
For every foot we got ahead
To us seemed made by four.

IV.

So full of fear we scarce could speak,
We reached the parson's door ;
And though at first I knocked quite weak,
It seemed a week or more.

V.

I told him all with troubled soul,
As though it were a sin ;
And while he went to get his stole,
We quietly stole in.

VI.

He took us twain each by the hand,
When he his dress had done ;
And made us 'fore the altar stand,
To alter us to one.

VII.

And while we stood upon the spot,
'Mid strange solemnity ;
Though neither one of us said not,
Yet knotted fast were we.

VIII.

Strange then, as though of single mind,
At home we wished to be ;
So soon as we could find our inn,
So quickly in went we.

IX.

Now I but wish the priest would please,
Polite from this to be ;
For though he prayed upon his knees,
He preyed on SAL and me.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

HARPERS' NEW CLASSICAL LIBRARY: THE WORKS OF TACITUS: the Oxford Translation Revised, with Notes. In two Volumes: pp. 960. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

WE welcome, with hearty satisfaction, this excellent series of classical books. That which has been locked up, in 'unknown tongues,' to thousands of readers, is now presented in a language which all our people can understand: and the result will be an increased love of, and demand for, the classical works of antiquity. The publishers succinctly set forth their object. They say that 'the want of a Series of LITERAL TRANSLATIONS of the Greek and Latin authors who are usually studied in the American course of Academic education, has been long felt by the most intelligent and assiduous classical teachers. That they are capable of being abused by the indolent and unfaithful pupil, is no plea against their utility when employed in their legitimate place. A translation of an ancient writer into English, as perfectly literal as is permitted by the idioms of the respective languages, affords an invaluable aid to the instructor in the accomplishment of his arduous task. If executed with fidelity and skill, it saves much time and labor in the consultation of dictionaries, and embodies the best results of philological acumen and research in the shortest possible space. Pages of learned commentary are thus concentrated in the rendering of a single word. The works now issued are reprints from 'BOHN'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY,' brought out uniform with the English edition, and comprise faithful translations of the principal Greek and Latin classics. Each work is given without abridgment, and includes short suggestive notes, adapted to the comprehension as well as the actual wants of the student. Copious and accurate indices are appended to every translation. No version will be adopted without ample and thorough revision, correcting its errors by the lights of modern research, and placing it on a level with the present improved state of philological learning. This NEW CLASSICAL LIBRARY has received a cordial welcome from the whole corps of American classical teachers. The important uses of such a work in their daily avocations are too obvious to require discussion. Nor is the interest of the series confined to teachers by profession. Every reading man, though destitute of a knowledge of the ancient languages, feels a laudable curiosity to form an acquaintance with the incomparable models of literary art which they have preserved. In the literal translations with which he is furnished by the present series, he will find the information that

he seeks, enabling him to comprehend current classical allusions with facility, to become familiar with the true spirit of the ancients, and to share in conversation and studies which presuppose a knowledge of Greek and Roman antiquity.' Well printed, on good, strong paper.

VOICES FROM THE SILENT LAND: OR CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED. By Mrs. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. In one Volume: pp. 322. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY. Cleveland, Ohio: JEWETT, PROCTOR AND WORTHINGTON.

WHEN we remember, that as to all in the wide-spread country, stretched beyond the sight, so also to those in populous cities pent, DEATH sooner or later stops at every man's door, a work like the one before us may be regarded as having an universal application, and as calculated to convey to all an almost universal significance:

'THE mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch, doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the Land of the dear Departed —
Into the SILENT LAND!'

And to this thought the compiler of the present volume modestly as justly assuming nothing as original in its preparation, has well adverted in her preface:

'Into the Silent Land!' Ah! who can say that the foot-steps of none he once loved on earth have entered the 'shadows of that pale realm?' Death, sooner or later, cometh to all: the white and venerable locks of the aged, the maturity of manhood, the ruddy freshness of youth, whose flashing eye is salient with life and health, and the tender bud of infancy — all soon, too soon, fall before the scythe of the pitiless destroyer.

'THE air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.'

'No suffering, no anguish, is like unto that of the deeply heart-stricken mourner, as he bendeth over his forever-hushed, but beloved, dead. Often, at such times, the heart and soul, though wonderfully stirred, feels a grief 'too deep for tears.' A link of the chain that bound him to earth has been rudely riven; and the vanity of this life, the nearness of eternity, with its all-absorbing interests, are felt and acknowledged. Such sad visitations of Providence induce within us an insatiable desire to know more of the future; and the flight thitherward of the spirit of one who in life has been very dear, perhaps the dearest, seems to cast a soft halo of light into that future. Then the Christian finds the blessed promises of God, and the death and resurrection of CHRIST unspeakably precious; he feels the need of the Heavenly COMFORTER, and, while seeking to cast all his care on HIM, 'knowing that He careth for him,' what may have seemed the dark and distant future is illumed with an almost unclouded noon-day brightness. Every earthly woe, every trial and care, can be mitigated by the consoling and sustaining influences of our holy religion. God has promised to 'comfort all who mourn,' if, in the time of their sorrow, they seek HIM.

'Prayer, and reading the Word of God, will not only afford sweet consolation in the deepest affliction, but prove a tower of defence, a shield against the temptations that frequently assail us at such times. Another source of comfort is to be found in the perusal of the writings of good and holy men who have felt the same bitter heart-grief, and whose works abound with passages most touchingly fitted to console under the heaviest afflictions; teaching us how to meet, bear, and wisely use all such chastenings for our spiritual advancement. Our literature, too, contains much prose and poetry addressed to the heart-stricken, desponding, and desolate, who, in times of bereavement, love to linger among the 'graves of their household,' and dwell upon the state of the departed.

'These 'Voices from the Silent Land' have been collected in the freshness of a very deep affliction, and completed before its daily-gushing anguish had passed away. The compiler's aim and object is to induce some to make a good and wise use of afflictive dispensations, to see the hand of God in them all, and to feel that 'the JUDGE of all the earth will do right.' She can only desire that the perusal of these pages may prove as sweet and soothing a source of consolation to others as their preparation has been to herself. The women of the United States, however elevated and affluent their station, are rarely *entirely free from the perplexities and anxieties of domestic cares*, and can seldom find sufficient leisure to peruse or examine all the works from which this volume has been gathered; therefore it is designed more particularly for my countrywomen whom God, in infinite wisdom, may have caused to pass under the rod of affliction.'

Three hundred and twenty-two articles, in prose and verse, mostly in verse, attest the industry with which kindred or cognate selections have been made.

AN ABRIDGMENT OF THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS, from 1789 to 1856. By THOMAS H. BENTON, Author of the 'Thirty Years' View.' New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

THE valuable series, of which the volume before us forms a part, is to be completed in fifteen volumes, of seven hundred and fifty pages each, and will comprise what is now contained in over one hundred volumes. The contents of the present book are derived from GALE and SEATON'S 'Annals of Congress,' from their 'Register of Debates,' and from the 'Official Reported Debates,' by JOHN C. RIVES. 'In this work members of Congress, members of the State Legislatures, lawyers and politicians, and, in fact, all intelligent and patriotic citizens, will have ready at their hands a complete Political History of the United States, from the adoption of the Federal Government to the present day. The Debates of Congress have been accruing for a period of nearly seventy years, and fill more than one hundred volumes — one-third of them quartos. They contain the history of the working of the Government from its foundation; show what has been done, and how it was done; and shed light upon the study of all impending questions; for there is not a question of the day, and will not be while our Government lasts, which may not be illustrated by something to be found in these debates. This abridgment will not be restricted to the speeches of celebrated orators, but extend to the business-men, and to the plainest speakers.'

BEATRICE CENCI: A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Translated from the Italian of F. D. GUERAZZI. By MRS. WATTS SHERMAN. In four Books: pp. 1159. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

Two rival editions of this work appeared almost 'simultaneously' from two prominent metropolitan publishing-houses. It is conceded, we believe, that the one before us is the better of the two. Certain it is, that here the story is well told, and we are assured by those well qualified to judge, that the translation is rendered with great fidelity. 'But what of the story?' Why, this: it is of that class which we most decidedly do not affect. Yet there are readers — and judging from the success of the edition before us, doubtless 'their name is legion' — who love to 'sup full of horrors.' To such we leave the perusal of Sig. GUERAZZI's book. We hold fully with our contemporary, '*The Albion*' weekly journal, that it is a work which should never have been translated at all. 'The Tragedy of the same name, by SHELLEY, has made many students of English poetry familiar with one of the most terrible and repulsive episodes of mediæval history, but it is by no means desirable that plain prose should supply the world with a fuller detail, even though the record be gleaned from the most authentic sources. That the author is one of the persecuted and suffering Italian exiles is a matter of no moment. Much as we grieve for his oppressed and hapless country, we hold that he cannot increase or stimulate the world's sympathies in its behalf, by showing how rotten it was to the core

three centuries ago. In a political point of view, the effect will probably be to leave a vague feeling of satisfaction on the mind, inasmuch as all must be conscious that crime and cruelty are not so rife in these days as they were at that elder period. But it is not so much on this score that we object to this publication; it is because we consider it an offence against the recognized proprieties of life. The theme is abhorrent to our instincts, though in some respects full of a most mournful beauty: and it may therefore more fitly be left to such general imaginings as Art has connected with it.' This is indeed so: yet look at the public taste in this regard. The BROTHERS MASON have already printed four editions of the work: and even now its sale is undiminished.

THE JEWISH WAR OF FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS: A NEW TRANSLATION. By the late Rev. ROBERT TRAILL, D.D., M.R.I.A. Edited, with Notes, by ISAAC TAYLOR. In one Volume: pp. 604. Boston: J. P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.

A WORLD-renowned work, like this of JOSEPHUS, edited by such a scholar as ISAAC TAYLOR, (author of a volume elsewhere referred to in the present pages,) requires but little notice from any American critic, least of all, any thing beyond a mere record from any pen so humble as our own. It shall be our object, then, only simply and briefly to record the character of the Translation before us, and to present a few facts in relation to the author of the same. The present translation, therefore, we briefly repeat, of the Life of JOSEPHUS and his History of the Jewish War, by the late Dr. TRAILL, edited, with notes, by ISAAC TAYLOR, and copiously illustrated with plates, was originally issued in England in parts. The edition under notice is an accurate reprint of the original work, with the exception of the notes explanatory of the plates and such portions as have exclusive reference to them. A brief sketch is given of the life, character, and literary labors of the learned translator, from the pen of the no less learned and distinguished editor, from which we take a few extracts:

'WHATEVER might have been Dr. TRAILL's intellectual endowments, or his accomplishments, it was his animation; his unwearied energy; his vivid and effective sympathies; his devotedness in labors of charity, and the zealous and affectionate discharge of his duties as a parish minister, that most distinguished him; and in the exercise of these useful virtues it was that he had become known, and had made himself the object of affection in his circle. It might have been difficult for those who knew him only as the pastor, and as the friend of the poor, and who witnessed his daily toils, as such, to imagine or believe that, even after the time when the spreading distress of the district had rendered these duties in the last degree arduous and oppressive, Dr. TRAILL still found time for carrying forward his usual literary labors, which in fact were not remitted until his last illness threatened his life. It was from that bed from which he did not rise, that he wrote to his friend: 'Send me no more proofs: I am upon a fever-bed.' The habit of rising at the earliest hour, and, during the winter, long before dawn, had given him a command of time, which enabled him to accomplish literary tasks without trenching upon his duties as the minister of an extensive parish.

'Dr. TRAILL succeeded to the parish of Schull, county of Cork, in the year 1820, where his last years were spent in a course of unwearied endeavors to promote the temporal comfort and the spiritual good of his people. The parish of Schull, situated at the extreme south-west point of Ireland, is extensive and populous, and it is one of those districts which have become too well known as the scene of the most appalling sufferings. Dr. TRAILL had found the population in a state of deplorable destitution when first he became incumbent of the parish; nor had either his incessant ef-

forts to cherish better habits among the lower classes, nor the munificent use he made of his private fortune, availed to bring them into a condition in which they might, in a less disastrous manner, have met the awful visitation of those years of famine. From the very first, and with a clear-sighted dismay, he had looked forward to what he knew must be the consequences of the approaching calamity; and while many continued to think that the worst evils would be evaded, his letters attest that he did not allow himself to entertain any such delusive expectation: 'Death by famine, and then by pestilence, will sweep this country of a third of its people!' Such were his forebodings; and to how awful an extent have they been realized! Well he knew that the habitual and extreme destitution of hundreds around him could have but one issue, if it should be aggravated only a little by scarcity.

'Dr. TRAILL's own means, together with funds that were liberally placed at his disposal by benevolent persons, 'known and unknown,' throughout Ireland, and by many in England, enabled him during the months of that terrible winter, to keep alive hundreds who otherwise must at an early time have perished. The cares, the sorrows, and the toil, consequent upon these offices of charity, affecting himself and the several members of his family, were excessive; and in his hurried notes to his friends he speaks of himself as worn out with grief and labor. At length, and especially after the time when the more arduous duty of administering spiritual aid to those who were dying of pestilence took the place of the comparatively easy task of feeding the hungry, the strain upon his mind and feelings became greater than even so energetic a frame could support. The minister of CHRIST, in passing from house to house, from hovel to hovel, attempted and endured more than human nature can sustain. A severe attack of dysentery was followed by fever; and after lingering awhile, (often seeming to rally, and always in the calm possession of his faculties,) he expired, in the confident assurance of that bright immortality which is warranted by the evangelic doctrine he had long professed and proclaimed.'

Dr. TRAILL's religious tastes, we are given to understand, as well as his fondness for Greek studies, had early directed his attention to the writings of JOSEPHUS; and it was soon after his entrance upon his duties as Rector of Schull, that he first indulged the ambition of attempting to render accessible to English readers the pages of a writer so preëminently important. He felt that, in WHISTON's version — cumbrous, abrupt, and repulsive as it is — the writings of the Jewish Historian are scarcely accessible. It is probable that he did not at the first distinctly measure the greatness of the task he had entered upon; nor perhaps did he duly estimate the difficulties which he soon found must attach to it. A gradually-acquired perception, however, of the vastness of his enterprise, animated his courage, rather than depressed it; and when, in conversation with literary friends, he discerned more clearly than at first, how much would be required of him, as the Translator of JOSEPHUS, the enhanced anxiety he felt did but stimulate his energies to meet the occasion. His was a mind not easily turned from its purpose and always undismayed by the prospect of toil. At the same time the sense he entertained of the high value of these writings, as related to sacred history, carried him forward with an impulse, which, to a mind like his, no motives but such as took their rise in religious feeling could give. The union, in Dr. TRAILL's character, of a self-determining energy, with a genuine candor, and a ready deference to the opinion of others whose judgment he respected, was very remarkable; and this modesty led him to submit his labors, in the most unreserved manner, to the criticism of his friends, and of any whom he thought qualified to aid him by their remarks. It was in consequence of several such appeals to the opinion of others that he recast his version, again and again, and brought it, with the most laborious care, nearer and still nearer to the original; while he kept in view always its fluency in style, as English — adapted to the tastes of the mass of readers. It has already been announced, by advertisement, that Dr. TRAILL had long ago completed the translation of the Jewish War, as well as the Life of JOSEPHUS, and

the two Books against APION, and that he had made considerable progress also in translating the Airtiquities. It has moreover been stated that the manuscript had been confided, for revision, to the care of a learned and experienced friend, a member of Trinity College, Dublin, whose valuable services had previously been engaged for correcting the sheets, as they passed through the press. And hence, the present version of '*The Seven Books of the Jewish War*,' which not only constitute a history complete in themselves, but are by far the most important, and the most entertaining, of all the writings of JOSEPHUS. It is the history of the overthrow and of the scattering of the Jewish polity, worship, and nation, and connects the long and distant past with the present, and both with the future. The work cannot but strengthen the faith of men in the historic certainty and the DIVINE origin of THE BIBLE.

THE WORLD OF MIND: AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY.
By ISAAC TAYLOR. In one Volume: pp. 378. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS,
Franklin-Square.

MR. TAYLOR is one of those *thinking* writers, who have very distinct notions of what they intend to say before they say it. Those who are acquainted with his earlier publications, especially those of a philosophical cast, will not be disappointed by this 'elementary treatise on intellectual philosophy.' His powers of analysis and disquisition are manifested on every page. His power of thought enables, and his habit of thought impels him, to discriminate the points of which he treats from others which are irrelevant, although in some respects connected. He takes the direct line to his specific object, looking before and after, clearly perceiving the point from which he starts, and that beyond which he cannot advance, and quietly elbowing aside the diverging lines and claims of collateral and inappropriate subjects. It is the best, as well as the shortest recommendation of the book to say, that it was written by ISAAC TAYLOR. His character as a writer is its guarantee. He may advance some things which not only are not advanced by other writers on intellectual philosophy, but to which the reader may refuse his assent, and regard as venturesome and undemonstrable; but he gives his reasons, and distinguishes between what is speculative and what is matter of consciousness and experience.

Thus, as a specimen of his directness and point, he clears the way to his specific theme, by observing: 'In all departments of philosophy, human curiosity is stopped at an earlier, or at a later stage by an impassable barrier, it meets what is inscrutable. The constitution of the elements in the material world is inscrutable; the gravitating force, and the principle of chemical affinity, and the nature of light, and the principle of vegetable life, those things are utterly inscrutable; so also, is the principle of animal life; and so, in like manner, but not more so, is MIND. At all these points alike, and at each of them for the same reasons, we reach a limit which the human mind has never yet passed. But it is not true that Mind is more occult, as to its inner nature, than is matter, or than the principle of vegetative and animal life; they are exactly as much so, and not more.'

Since, as noted in some of our recent numbers, we have come to adopt, as an ultimate fact of consciousness, *that we think in words* — that we conceive, are conscious of, remember, and express our thoughts only in words and equivalent signs — our curiosity leads us, on opening a work like this, to ascertain what view the author takes of the office and instrumentality of Language. On page 31 he shows the necessity of words, *terms, names* — in dealing with the simplest abstractions, distinctions of colors, and the like; and on the next page, our absolute dependence on them ‘when we advance from the simpler kinds of abstractions toward those which are more remote.’ Like his predecessors, however, he does not seem distinctly to perceive that all our thinking is absolutely dependent on words as its vehicle and instrument; but takes the contrary for granted. He all but sees that we are conscious of no thoughts apart from words — that there are no *wordless thoughts* — that we think in words. Often what he says clearly implies this; but education, hereditary opinion dictates reservations, or possible exceptions. Thus in his chapter on ‘Language, as related to mental operations,’ he treats of language, words, ‘as the means of communication — mind with mind; as the instrument of thought — the tools of thought.’ . . . ‘There are certain operations, in carrying forward, which it can scarcely be imagined that even the strongest minds, advantaged by the most perfect discipline, could dispense with this assistance, or could think to any good purpose otherwise than as leaning, from step to step, upon words, phrases, propositions. . . . The infant, while listening to the voices that soothe, or that startle the ear, is yielding itself to a process, in the course of which the world of words comes to adhere, point after point, to the world of objects; and these adhesions, multiplying every day, and becoming more and more firm or indissoluble, are at length so thoroughly riveted, or welded, that the union could scarcely be more intimate if, in fact, the mother-tongue were born with the mind itself. If the human family had known only one language, it would scarcely have been possible for us to entertain the supposition that words are nothing more than *arbitrary* signs, and that they might therefore have been other than they are. In fact, millions of men pass through their destined course of years, with no other consciousness than this. Thought and language have never been sundered, in all their experience, from infancy to age.’ Yet he supposes these millions to be only the uneducated; that education relaxes the bond which connects thoughts and words, and gives the mind a discursive, emancipated power of unverbal thought. His illustrations, however, fail, as in the nature of the case, we think they should and must fail, to do more than show, that education rectifies the erroneous use, and, indefinitely, augments the stock of words.

The ethical bearings and implications of this work, are of the safest and soundest. Its comprehensive title, ‘*The World of Mind*,’ includes what relates to the manifestations of mind in the inferior animal races. Accordingly, it consists substantially ‘of an exhibition, first, of what is common to all orders of living beings, and then a setting forth of what is peculiar to the human mind, and which is the ground of its immeasurable superiority.’ This broad plan gives scope to the author’s accustomed originality, as well as to his acute and practised powers of discrimination.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LATE HENRY CARY, ESQ.: 'JOHN WATERS,' OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.—We promised, in our April number, again to advert to the *personnel* of the writer of the 'JOHN WATERS' papers in the KNICKERBOCKER, in 'times long by-past,' and also to afford to our thousands of new readers some additional touches of his rare quality. Let us address ourselves to the first branch of our subject. Mr. CARY was an accomplished GENTLEMAN. It might safely be left to the distinguished friends who knew him well; who so frequently sat together around his refined and most hospitable board; to affirm all this, and much more. He esteemed all the physical blessings of this life as evidences of the DIVINE Bounty; neither to be slighted, nor to be lightly regarded. 'There is,' he says, 'a mysterious connection between the soul and the body, which may be availed of through the senses to some advantage; so that by temperance, frequent ablutions, seasonable exercise, fine weather, fresh air, and agreeable objects of taste, of sight, and of touch; bright clouds, flowers at morning with the song of birds, and paintings of delicious coloring for the eyes to repose upon, the spirit becomes for a time less disquieted, and the current of sorrow is broken or diverted. I do not think there is any unmanliness or desertion of Christian duty in availing one's self of these appliances. Grief is a warfare, and there are auxiliary forces which involve exertion in order to bring them into the field.' We have often fancied, in common with many of Mr. WATERS' most intimate friends, that in his chapters upon '*My Uncle the Parson*,' he drew at the same time a real portraiture and his own model of a gentleman. Let us hear somewhat of this same 'UNCLE:'

'He used, I remember, to sit at his own table rather as a guest than as a master of the house; receiving every little courtesy with thanks, and making himself agreeable to the whole party, as if enjoying the civilities of the entertainment, while we were all his hosts; and the refinement of manner with which he fed himself with his small hands after the ruffles at the wrist had been carefully folded under the cuff, and his napkin adjusted, the precision and skill with which it was prepared, lifted, and presented to the mouth; received, cherished, and intelligently consumed; made me sometimes feel that it was a *nutriment for the spiritual quite as much as for the natural existence*, that was spread before him, and that his enjoyment was a calm and precious gratitude, rather than a physical indulgence. There was a just appreciation, without the least approach to avidity—a tranquil pleasure, and an enlightened zest. My uncle the parson was an adept at the use of the knife and fork. It may be supposed by persons unversed in the science, that the easiest thing in the world is to divide a pair of boiled fowls, and slice up a billet of salted pork. It is not so, my masters. Nothing is easier indeed than to tear the one piece-meal; and maul the other into fragments; but to apply the knife with unerring exactness to the line

or point at which the division is most gracefully to be made; to let the detached part take with it the exact proportion of the epidermis that clothed it when upon the bird, and not a jot more; to help bountifully and with a liberal heart, and yet with a discretion and reserve that can always, while any thing remains, renew the supply with a part that seems almost as desirable as any that has already been given away — this is CARVING.

‘He had a due and reverent estimate of the creatures of God’s bounty; with which we are supplied not merely to satisfy our corporeal wants, but as a means for the interchange of the social affections, and for the growth and free expansion of all the tender charities of life. They were Gifts, to be used freely, cheerfully, hospitably; but skilfully, nicily, in their best condition, and without abuse or waste; gladly, and with singleness of heart; and — a little good cookery with its proper appliances, accomplishes marvels in this way, over the same ingredients used at a disadvantage.’

Our ‘Uncle the Parson’ visits Boston twice a year, to receive his interest money, make his purchases, rub bright the chain of his old college friendships, and pass a short time with his only brother, the father of the writer. The present is his ‘Fall’ visit: ‘It was upon a cloudy morning in the month of November, when, in an old-fashioned chaise, with a leathern standing-top, drawn by a stout family-horse, driven by a lad seated in a light seat in front of the boot, that the Rector set forth upon his journey. ‘The flowers,’ says ‘JOHN WATERS,’ ‘were past; the leaves had fallen; the birds were mute; deep Autumn had dominion of the land; and silence, almost audible, possessed the air: the cold increased; the leaden-colored sky closed nearer to the earth; the winds were dead; the breath grew palpable to the sight; and a few small pellets of snow — the first of the season — dropped hard-packed upon the boot of the chaise; white, minute, and bounding, as those smallest preparations of refined sugar, wherewith the confectioner delighteth the hearts of the little folks under the name of ‘coriander-seed.’’ Passing this most graphic picture, let us premise that our reverend traveller has arrived at the great tree-shaded inn of ‘good Mistress ROACH,’ in the then village of Ipswich. Thoroughly warmed by the ‘best-room’ wood-fire, the worthy Parson bethinks him of dinner, and calls Mrs. ROACH, the landlady:

‘She obeyed the summons with an alert step. It consisted of a pair of spring chickens, now developed into full size, and nicely prepared for the spit, having been corn-fed for some time, so as to show a well-covered back; and now hanging up, drawn, (hear this, ye wretched New-York poulterers!) drawn, BODY AND CROP — CROP as well as BODY! and of a hind-quarter of four-year-old weather mutton, with the queue attached entire, that had been ripening, said good Mistress Roach, upward of ten days.

‘When you put the mutton on the hook in your larder,’ asked my uncle, ‘did the *châlot* occur to your recollection?’

‘Surely, Sir,’ replied the dame: ‘I never, now-a-days, fail to avail myself of the suggestion you once gave me; but regularly give the steel a deep thrust into every leg I hang up, in three different parts of the leg, home to the bone, and then I invariably insert a clove of good Spanish garlic into the bottom of each orifice. And now every body praises our mutton; and frequently people say to me, ‘I want to know what in the world gives your mutton such a fine game flavor, Mistress Roach!’ ‘Our mutton,’ says I, ‘is famed far and near; it feeds upon the short grass of the rocky hills, and we keep it till the proper age; sweet food, pure water, and ripe years,’ says I, ‘them’s the things for mutton!’ It is not worth while, you know, Sir, to tell the whole world about the cloves of garlic against the bone!’

‘In Europe,’ said my uncle the parson, musingly, ‘it is not uncommon to rub the plate with a small bag of *assafœtida*, to impart a flavor to the meat that is to be cut upon it; but I think your plan altogether the preferable one. Pray have you any pork?’

‘As fine, I think, as I ever saw; I can put a small billet of it into the pot as white as the snow that is falling.’

‘And of what color will it come out?’ asked my uncle the parson.

‘It gains a beautiful rose-colored tint in the boiling,’ was the reply.

'Good!' said he; 'it is the surest indication in the world of good pork, well fed, and thoroughly cured; if not, salt-petre has been used.'

'Not a particle, I can assure you, for I put it up with my own hands.'

'Well, then, my good Madam, let this be our dinner. The chickens and pork to be boiled in the same pot, and to come in first with what vegetables you have; and then, by way of second course, the mutton, hot from the spit. Do n't force the mutton by pouring on even a drop of water; let us have nothing but its undiluted flavor in the gravy; that will make fast enough in the dish after the knife is once used; and let the pork predominate over the brown on the outside. With a good hickory fire, you can choose your own distance and time; and, of course, the hue you may prefer to give to the outside.'

Dinner being thus arranged, the parson occupied himself with the Gazette for some time, and then revised the two sermons with which he had come prepared for the pulpit, if called upon to preach while at Boston.

Two countrymen ask permission, if he is willing, to sit at the same table with him, they being in some haste to depart: it is readily granted. He carries his cayenne with him, in a small vial; and one of 'the party' asks him for a 'pinch or two of his red salt.' The result was pungent and potent:

The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance; but he resisted manfully the first intimation of this internal assailant; hemmed stoutly and repeatedly, as if he were determined to maintain his ground; his face then became scarlet; an unnatural warmth took possession of his frame; the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened; he dashed away a tear from his obstructed sight; spread abroad his arms, like Samson groping for the remaining pillars of the Temple of Gaza, and rose in an agony of distress and pain, unimaginable to him in his dreams before. His first note was that of the great brindle bull in his own cattle-yard at home. The word roar does no justice whatever to the sound.

Fortunately he did not cough. My uncle, much concerned at the incident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He caught at the word. He endeavored to say, 'Will that put it out?' and making for a huge stone-jug that had just been replenished, he raised it boldly to his lips, and took a draught, that, had its contents been more genial, might, for its length and breath and depth and height, have won from Bacchus the whole conquest of the Indies.

'JEREDIAH,' said he, soon as he could articulate, 'for the land's sake does my mouth blaze?'

'No,' said the other, with imperturbable coolness, 'but it smokes consumedly, HIRAH, I tell you.'

Another jar of water seemed to reassure him of his safety against internal combustion; and his powers of speech in some measure returning, and with them his entire self-possession, he strode in front of my uncle, and accosted him: 'Do you know, Mister, that I took you for a pa'arson?'

'I am, indeed,' said my uncle, 'an humble member of the cloth.'

'Oh! you be, be you? And do you think it is any how consistent with your calling to travel about the country in this here way, carrying hell-fire in your breeches pocket?'

An Essay 'On Spirituality' introduces us to this beautiful and truly 'spiritual' passage. It was in such musings that the spirit of JOHN WATERS seemed to revel:

'At times, all that is spiritual within me stands in the Louvre, fronting the Venus of Milo; or gazing with rapture upon the neighboring Polyhymnia; a statue the very drapery of which speaks of the earnest and deeply meditative Soul within. At times, I pause, hesitating lest I should presume too far, upon the threshold of that apartment of the Vatican devoted to the Apollo, and filled as with an atmosphere by his august, his god-like presence.

'Or, at times, in my own country, I am once more on horseback, crossing the Alleghany mountains from Tennessee into Carolina. The bright rays of the early morning sun are piercing the wintry forest of the South, and meet the traveller on the eastern side of the summit of the pass; the rush, the roar of the 'French Broad,' noblest of green mountain-streams, again fills the ear: and, at a short distance, the smoke of a fire that is to cook the wagoner's breakfast, before he begins the progress of the day, rises above us, like a small, unbroken, dove-colored shaft, one hundred and fifty feet against a perpendicular wall of rock; free alike of every vegetable impediment, of every breath of wind, to intercept or vary the passage of the vapor upward to the

cloudless sky—that arched sky of blue, filled with increasing day, that overhangs, and blesses with its deep and soothing influence, Forest, Rock, River, Mountain, Traveller, and all.

‘Long pendulous draperies of moss hang listless and undisturbed from the tall and silent pine-trees, waiting to receive their graceful motion from the morning breeze; while the horses of the wagoner are tethered to the trunk of that bright green holly-tree, glorying in its scarlet berries, and are contentedly finishing their corn in the broad sound of the cheerful waters, without a single thought of whip or harness. And now, if I myself—I mean the immortal Soul that stirs within me—were not tethered to this body like the wagoner’s horses to the holly-tree, I had, even while writing this, revisited alike, in the essential person, Louvre, and Vatican, Mountain, River, Rock, Forest, and Sky. Such is that exquisite existence of the disenthralled Soul, for which I could find no other one Word than that at the head of this essay.

‘At times, still sitting here, I entertain a thought of JUPITER and his Satellites: or of that fervid Star in the right shoulder of ORION, where—in common, I suppose, with many others—I have an appointment with the dead: or of some unknown Star, perhaps of yet more ancient creation, upon the outskirts of the Universe, opposite to those in which we move, whose distance is so vast that its earliest beam of light has never yet reached earth:—and now, but for the impediments of this physical structure, this ‘body of death,’ as the blessed SAINT PAUL says, I have had time while thou, dear Reader, hast accompanied me, to have met midway in Heaven the darting rays of the ancient Star; to have hovered with joy around our favorite in ORION; and then descended homeward, by way of the planet and his Satellites, to this my still house, and this my quiet, roundabout chair: such is Spirituality!’

THESE thoughts upon ‘*The Voice*’ will, or at least should, arrest the attention of our lady-readers:

‘THE dew of God’s precious blessing of Woman descends upon the soul in the tones of her Voice: which, when she mars, she destroys one of the gifts that ‘intimate eternity to man:’ one of the sweetest compensations of life: and a charm perhaps the most unfailing, that binds her lover to her image, when time, or distance, or death, shall have changed joy into recollection and regret.

‘Is it not so? When the winged Word comes back to revisit the soul in some moment of deep remembrance, however long the interval, does not the ethereal tone that first gave it life flutter again at the breast, and chime along the nerves, and make it impossible for the heart to change its fealty? Do not the hands and the arms involuntarily extend themselves toward the source of that remembered music, and the visited soul breathe forth the assurance, heard perhaps with joy in heaven, ‘I have been true to thee!’

‘And even in this our own sex, our own gross sex, man proper, man womanless—how precious is the gift of the pure voice! I would fain hope that some one who listens to me may have once heard old INCLEDON’s ‘Lads of the Village.’ I will fancy thee, admired Reader, to be at this moment diving into thy recollection of the deep riches, the grand compass, the ever-new and unexpected openings, the liquid gushes, the flights, the dying falls, the woodland echoes, and all the miracles of sweetness, of that delicious and wonderful voice, which proved better than any philosophy, that the seat of the soul is somewhere in the region of the heart and lungs. It spoke to us from thence.’

The reader, we venture to say, has seldom encountered a more striking picture of a duel, than is contained in the narrative headed, ‘*Our Fathers, where are They?*’ Sir GEORGE YOUNG, it should be premised, Governor of the Island of Granada, who served under FREDERICK the Great, and was devoted to all the forms of ‘the Prussian service,’ is challenged by a member of the Council-Board, of which Sir GEORGE was President. He calls upon Colonel WILLIAMS, a Welshman, to act as his friend, who says to him:

‘So! you and FREDERICK the Great have got—eh? It is very odd what luck some men are born to! I could have sworn that he and I were to have it together: but indeed there has been very little communication between us of late. Tell me what has taken place since the council broke up. I have heard of his overture to you.’

‘Doctor BL—’ then informed the Colonel of his unsuccessful application to my father, and to another of his friends: and that he was quite at a loss to know in what manner to proceed.

‘I have no doubt,’ replied Colonel WILLIAMS, ‘that his Excellency will have his own difficulties in the choice of a second, unless he determine upon some subaltern.

It is something like getting into a scrape to have any thing to do with shooting a Governor in command, who has been bred up in the Prussian service, and —

'I shall omit the Colonel's expletives.

'There is not the remotest chance of that being the issue of our meeting,' said Doctor BL — N; 'I am entirely unacquainted with the use of a pistol, and do not even possess a pair. I shall stand no chance whatever with him; but life is of no value with a brand upon it.'

'Are you quite out of practice with the pistol?' asked the Colonel.

'I never fired a pistol in my life!'

'Then I would not give a guinea for his!' replied Colonel WILLIAMS; 'a man's first shot is the best in the first hundred. Here is a pair that have never missed since they were manufactured. You will take them home with you. Stand before the largest mirror in the house. Look well at your shadow. Raise the pistol from your knee, here in this way, with a stiff elbow, ranging along the shadow in the glass, and when you get the muzzle to the height of the hip, draw the trigger. When you come upon the ground — take care to be there in good season — plant yourself at one end of the saw-pit. You will fight in GLENN's saw-pit; that's the common place, and there is no choice of light or shade: be early on the ground. Glance your eye along the sides of the pit, and get yourself used to it; and when he comes opposite to you, think of the man in the glass; raise your muzzle as you did before, always with a stiff elbow, and pull soon as it ranges with his hip. Now will you recollect all this? If you drop your pistol and level at him from above, you will over-shoot him. If you coolly bring up the piece with a stiff elbow from the knee, you cannot miss him, by —! When he comes upon the ground, ten to one he will talk to you about marching and facing to the right-about, and give you a lecture on the Prussian mode of doing things. Tell him you are fixed to your spot, but that he may march, and counter-march and be —. Now, will you remember all this? Let me see you handle your pistol. Very well — quite well. Accustom yourself to the grasp. Fix on five in the afternoon; it will be better for you both, as there are no strong lights there then. The field is not far from you. My orderly will be with you at four, and load your pistols, so that you will have nothing in the world to do after you get upon the ground but take one careful glance at the priming, and see that the powder lies well upon the touch-hole. I believe you understand it now. Let me see you raise it once more. Very well: that was quite well. When you get upon the ground, remember you have only one thing to do, after examining the priming, and that is to raise the muzzle as high as his Excellency's hip. And then pull as quietly as you did before the glass, and always with a stiff elbow. You have two things to think of, recollect, and only two, after you get upon the ground. First the priming, and then the man in the glass. Now go out this way, that my wife may not see you. I should like you to have a second, but in your card you can state to Sir GEORGE the impossibility of procuring one; and that you are content to rely upon any arrangement that he may make in this respect. You may safely do this. After all, he is a gentleman, and if he had been bred up in our service, he would have been a soldier, instead of being, as he now is, a — martinet.'

The hour of five in the afternoon of the following day had nearly arrived, when Dr. BL — N was stationed at one extremity of GLENN's saw-pit. The saw-pit had not for some time been in use, and the slight structure that had formerly sheltered the workmen, had been removed, except a remaining stick or two of timber that lay longitudinally over the pit. Vegetation, with the luxuriance of the tropics, had sprung up around the borders, and when the Doctor looked upward from his sheltered position into the rich azure sky above him, the heavens had never seemed to him so beautiful as then; and a thought passed across his mind, that his spirit might in a few moments be wending its way through the depths of that celestial blue. The hard necessities of life; the stern conditions of the laws of honor; and the want of charity between man and man, began to occupy his mind, when he suddenly recollected Colonel WILLIAMS' charge to him, that he had only two things to think of, after he got upon the ground. The first was the priming: he opened the locks and found the caution an useful one. He looked: it was ten minutes beyond the time. Where could Sir GEORGE be? How long should he wait for him?

'Just then he heard the Governor's voice: 'There, that will do: give it me: now drive quietly home, and see that you don't blow the horses.' And in a moment after, he entered the pit, bringing with him a case of pistols. He walked close up to his antagonist before he spoke.

'Doctor BL — N, I have a thousand apologies to make to you. The truth is, that I had some official matters to perform very unexpectedly just before I left the Government House, and I preferred throwing myself upon your courtesy, to postponing what was really important, or doing it in a slovenly way. I fear I must have made you wait some time?'

'The Doctor received his explanation gracefully, and then observed: 'Your Excellency has brought no second!'

“No,” he replied: “on the Continent, I have known difficulties to arise from such circumstances, and the honor of gentlemen called in question when two have gone out against one. No: you have confided in me: surely I will confide in you.”

During this time, Sir GEORGE had opened his pistol-case, and prepared one piece to his entire satisfaction; examining and sharpening the flint before he loaded the pistol. The Doctor also took his pistol in hand.

“Doctor BL—N,” said Sir GEORGE, “I suppose that this business is no novelty to you?”

“On the contrary,” replied the Doctor “it is, thank God, the first occasion of the sort that I was ever yet engaged in.”

“Different people have different ways of settling it,” replied the Governor; but *in the Prussian service* the practice is to stand in the centre of the field, back to back, march off three paces, or four paces, then to the right-about, then level and fire; and it has been in reference to that practice that I have had the ground of this pit cleared of all obstructions, and put in the condition for marching in which you see it.”

“As I have never had the honor to be in the Prussian service,” replied Doctor BL—N, “and am utterly unacquainted with military movements, your Excellency will I hope excuse me from any such evolution. I am placed: either here, or if you please, at the other extremity of this pit; but,” added he, perceiving a shade of dissatisfaction on the Governor’s face, “my course need not, I think, prevent your Excellency from the practice to which you are accustomed.”

“Doctor BL—N,” said Sir GEORGE YOUNG, his countenance brightening at the suggestion, “you are in all respects a gentleman—permit me to say it. Well, then, as I have your leave, I shall march up to you; go to the right-about, march off eight paces, and then again face you; at which time we fire. And as in this method I must necessarily turn my back upon you, I desire explicitly to say that I do it strictly as a military manœuvre, and without the remotest idea of conveying toward you the least personal slight or indignity.”

“There is only one thing more,” said Doctor BL—N; “and that is the exact moment at which I should fire. Your Excellency will excuse my inexperience in these matters; but it is not to my perception so nicely defined as I could wish it might be.”

“And how very well thought of that is!” said Sir GEORGE YOUNG. “I shall make it perfectly obvious to you. I shall march and counter-march with my handkerchief—you perceive it is a white one—in my left hand, and when I drop it, you will fire.”

His Excellency performed his part accordingly, marching with a very gracious air toward Doctor BL—N, then turning to the right-about, he counted aloud in German, as he marched them, the eight paces; faced again to the right-about; dropped the handkerchief, and two discharges were almost instantly heard. The ball of his pistol had lodged in one of the timbers directly over the head of Doctor BL—N, while that of his opponent, guided by a surer aim, had pierced his heart. He sprang convulsively upward, and fell without a groan.

The subjoined passage from a dissertation upon ‘*Chowder*,’ and a ‘*Pastoral Lament*’ upon the loss of a favorite cook, are eminently characteristic. No one more thoroughly understood, than the writer, the ‘*Esthetics of the Table*.’ There was to be found the choicest and most delicate of viands; the perfection of cookery; the quietest service; wines of the richest quality and rarest variety; ‘a veritable ladder of transport, up which the spirits of his guests ascended, step by step.’

‘No MAN of a certain age, but has observed the truth; and no philosopher, but has wondered at it. Why is it, *humanly speaking*, as the Presbyterians say, why is it that the same alternate layers of pork, of haddock, and cod, and sliced potatoes, and the one onion cut into rings, and the same hard biscuit soaked for five minutes in cold water before it takes its place in the pot; with the same black pepper throughout; and salt if you will, when your pork is not salt enough; with the self-same flour and butter, shall refuse their charms under one man’s management, that gratify, with a joy and a flavor, and a fragrance untasted and unknown before, the careless and unhesitating distribution of materials that form these successive strata of good things from the hand of one of these favorites of nature? *Favorites of Nature!*—the word is a good word! No member of the family of the BLENKINSOPs could ever blow out a candle: none but a Creole could ever make a pepper-pot: and the chowder-builder and the poet must alike be born, each to his ‘art, unteachable untaught.’

‘Dear, dear JIM!—the cove of dark rocks upon that shore in the old Bay State, near which our boat had grated upon the harsh and pebbly sand, is before me at this moment: the hum of cheerful voices thrills upon my ear; and the glow of youth—youth,

sparkling youth that borders upon immortality, and is almost as free as it is from ache or care—again warms the old heart that loved thee in its better days, thou *Favorite of Nature!* I never thought that any idea connected with a pot of chowder; or as thou wert wont to explain the etymology of this uncouth word, a *chaudière*; styling it the best of those *ragoûts à la matelote*, which French culinary art has derived from the happy invention of the sailor.

'O MARY! choice MARY! the hours,
Flower-footed, have flown like the light,
When, encompassed with joy at thy powers,
Three faces on each side shone bright!

'Three friends on each side, and no more:
The delight of my youth at the head:
I sigh—I believe I have said so before—
When I think what a table was spread.

'Thy cotelettes, thy matelotes, thy seal,
Thy curries, thy courses, though few,
How well-served, how well-timed, oh! I feel
The remembrance as poignant as true!

'CANOVA'S renowned DANZATRICE
Has the air that thy wood-cocks erst wore,
Her arm sheds the soft grace with which they
Their bills for their skewers then bore!

'How they lay, in their glory, on toast!
How close their nice feet, and yet free:
When smiled on, as they were by most,
I have thought that they smiled upon me!

'Then thy *star*, o'er a terrapin stew,
How it rose to the zenith of fame:
And thy soup, from the 'testudo,' too,
What an odor it gave to the name!

'How thy Mocha approached at the last:
While I write these few lines in thy praise,
A rich perfume it sheds o'er the past,
More delightful, more precious than bays.

'Oft heaves from my bosom the sigh,
Oft fixed is my gaze on the ground:
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.'

In '*Some Thoughts on Color*' we have these reflections and reasonings upon the great difference which exists between the *originals* and the best *copies* of them which could by any possibility be presented to the world:

'It is always a marvel, frequently an annoyance, and at times a grief to me, to hear persons—to whose judgment on other topics I would willingly defer—speak of good *copies* of paintings, as in their estimation, equal, or 'almost equal, to the originals themselves;' persons who have doubtless cherished with deep care, the hand-writing of some friend; the essay, perhaps, in which his opinions were developed and enforced; the letter that spoke his impassioned love; the lines of poetry in which his spirit yet breathes, and in the very characters of which his genius may perhaps be traced.

'All these, now that the power that sketched them is mouldering in its dust, are resorted to, like hid treasures; watched over; dwelt upon in solitude; spoken to; apostrophized—loved by the deep heart. Would they barter these relics of delight against nicely-printed *copies* of the same productions? The copies to be curiously bound and silver-gilt; the paper to be fresh and fair; the ink black, and the characters much clearer and more legible than in the original draft? Not for worlds! There is some latent, some mysterious, yet undeniable connection between these lifeless manuscripts and the beings whose affections seem even yet to haunt and hover around them; and

the pulse beats, and the blood gushes through the loyal heart, as it vibrates again to the well-remembered words, and half listens for the voice that might have uttered them.

'And now if this be the case with mere pen, ink, and paper—white paper and black ink—what becomes of it when the subject is a painting, in which the soul of the imperishable artist speaks its inmost graces of conception in the beau-ideal of form?—or in the varied wonders of expression?—or blossoms forth its affections into color? COLOR! that deep, mute eloquence of earth and heaven! that one remaining beauty of Eden! that earliest sensation of joy that the mourner can admit into a broken heart! That choice of God when He would decorate the sky with a promise of His love! That poetry, surpassing words! The soul's wealth, its element, its fountain of refreshment and joy!

'It has been my happiness, more than once, to have been, alone, in the studio of THORWALDSEN; and I have felt there, and elsewhere upon similar occasions, that the repose that pervaded it was occupied; the quiet that reigned there was a living quiet; it was a silence in which sensation lingered; a rich capacity of existence; an intense atmosphere of life waiting to be appropriated. I have been in that of one of our American artists, distinguished for his calm yet precious coloring, watching his efforts with rapt attention, when suddenly his pencil has shed the hue that relieved, at the same instant, his heart and my own; and joy has enveloped us, begirt us both at the same moment as with a sun-beam. There was a spiritual light around us, and although the silence was unbroken, I felt as if his soul had spoke to mine. If it had been the habit of our country, I could not but have embraced him as he stood, pallet, pencil, linen-jacket, and all!'

No one can peruse the following, which is taken from a rural sketch, entitled '*The Old Inn at Nampton*,' without admitting and admiring the freshness of the picture:

'GENTLE reader, I will imagine thee for the first time seated near the small fire that has been kindled to remove the dampness, and air the parlor, in that charm of the traveller's life, an English Inn. No object about thee seems new, or of late acquisition. The furniture is any thing rather than of modern date; it has been thoroughly used, and admirably kept: every thing is in its place, and speaks its welcome: nice, tidy, prepared, quiet, cheery, comfortable.

'The fragrant tea is of thine own mixture: two spoonfuls of black to one of green: the sugar is a study of refinement: and the table is furnished with fresh cream: one more glance at the *Times* newspaper, and every thing has been noiselessly arranged. A cover is now lifted off, and in the deep well of a blue-edged plate, that contrasts beautifully with what it contains, is disclosed that dream of farinaceous enjoyment, the English Muffin. How it fills and gratifies the eye, as its snowy margin rests teeming upon the border of the dish, and yields to the gradual suffusion of pink that crowns its upmost surface! And, in the same degree how does its consistency change, from a rich, pulpy, fruit-like elasticity, into the most delicate and inviting crispness of resistance!

'It is cut into quarters, as the world was said to be divided when we were school-boys: but the whole of this is thine own: ready-buttered for thee moreover with grass-fed butter through the plane of the horizon! Thou hast finished it? Thou hast drank thy nice tea, poured out for thee by the hands that are dearest to thee in the world? Thou hast 'lived and hast loved!'

'The waiter to whose noiseless foot-step we were indebted for the constant anticipation of every want during our repast, was a hale and erect person, turned of sixty; much inclined to be corpulent, if it had suited his vocation; with white hair nicely combed about a sleek and roseate face, white cravat, a scarlet plush waistcoat, well but carelessly worn; drab coat and breeches; buckles at the knees; worsted stockings, and well-polished shoes, tied with strings of black ribbon. 'Hope that you found the saxon's house without difficulty, Sir?' 'Without the least, JOHN: your direction was so exact that we could not miss it.' 'Hope that the eggs are boiled to the lady's taste, Sir?' They could not be more so. JOHN gave another glance at the table, placed a small bell upon it, and vanished.

'To an American, accustomed from his earliest youth to a bustling and unrelaxed exertion both of body and mind, with hardly a thought of repose unconnected with a state of existence beyond the grave; or even of leisure, without a sensation bordering upon contempt; a quiet breakfast in a still country town, and in a foreign land, is a novelty. We prolonged it for some time, but at last rang for JOHN, and ordered post-horses and the bill.'

'*The Heavenly Visitant*,' among other equally fervent and feeling lines, contains the following:

'ALL power of Heaven is THINE!
 Long have I known THY glorious Works, O LORD!
 But them, not THEE, have worshipped and adored!
 Now THOU, THYSELF, art mine!

'Spirit of God! bright Guest!
 God of the Bible! of my inmost heart!
 God of my pardoned soul! — in every part
 My Comforter, my Rest!

'Exceeding great Reward
 Of THINE atoning Sacrificial Love!
 How dost THOU raise my thoughts this world above,
 SAVIOUR, DELIVERER, GUARD!

'Such, such THOU art to me!
 Lo! here, e'en here, within my inmost breast,
 Reign THOU o'er all, and let me be THY Guest,
 And let me sup with THEE.'

Alas! it will be our good fortune no more to sit at the table of this true Christian Gentleman: and gone are many of the beloved guests whom we were wont to meet there. HENRY BREVOORT, that simple-mannered, genial, variously-accomplished, and most golden-hearted of men; the good Bishop WAINWRIGHT; these of them, among others, 'sleep in peace,' leaving behind them only love for the memory of the Past, and hope for the great Future upon which they have entered.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — A good 'common-sense' and well-written sketch, by a correspondent whom we shall be right glad to hear from again:

'A VERY good thing is a dollar or two,' sang somebody once upon a time, enumerating feelingly the various conveniences attending the possession of that rather indefinite sum; almost as many as the losses curtain-lectured into the ear of the unfortunate Mr. CAUDLE by his spouse, when he had been rash enough to lend five pounds to a friend, without permission.

'Now, though I do not despise 'a dollar or two,' by any means, I feel constrained to say that I think it a very much better thing when multiplied an indefinite number of times. I am not alone in this opinion, as I find that every body wants a good deal of money just now; and I also find, as a consequence, that it is to be procured of nobody, who is prepared to furnish it in large or small quantities, on any terms.

'It is an extremely inconvenient thing to want money, even if it be only a little; and it is particularly so in going to market, for market-people are inexorable and have no bowels. Your credit may be good with your grocer and baker, and, as a matter of course, with your tailor; but it is worth nothing with market-people. They do n't understand book accounts, neither do they believe in slates, and they hold pass-books in disrespect. It is also inconvenient to forget (not being used to it) that you have *no* money, and then to get into an omnibus, and before you have ridden half a square, to remember it; or to stop at a restaurant for dinner, (having nothing but cold mutton at home,) and have a vision of your empty portemonnaie gape suddenly before you while you are in the midst of giving the order; or to step into a cigar-store and buy a bundle of cheroots — supposing you were,

extravagant enough to smoke them when you *had* money — oblivious of the collapsed state of your pocket, until you have lit one, and half taken out your pocket-book to pay for them; or to go into a strange church, and have a collection-plate thrust at you; not a decent mahogany box, with a hole in the top and a soft velvet lining inside, nor a deep bag at the end of a long pole, but a bare-faced, uncompromising plate, which shows every thing that is dropped upon it, and leaves no possibility of keeping up appearances — you and I would n't do such a thing, but we know some people who would — by quietly depositing an odd button in it. All these things are inconvenient, not to say embarrassing. You would n't mind them half so much, if you really had the money and had only forgotten to take it with you; that would be an over-sight which you could set right; but the other predicament has no right side to it; so that even a *little* money is a very excellent thing to have; not by any means to be 'sneezed at,' and not in the least dangerous to its possessor, wherein it differs from learning, which is poetically supposed to be dangerous in proportion to its minuteness. Learning is also said to be better than houses and lands, which are rather troublesome appendages when one has no money to keep them going and pay taxes; which brings me neatly to the second part of my subject, namely, the want of a great deal of money.

'To want a great deal of money, and to discover suddenly that you have none at all, is about as uncomfortable a state of things as can be imagined. For there is such a ridiculous disproportion between what you have to do, and what you have to do it with. You are taken up so very short, snubbed as it were in all your plans. You find all your calculations so terribly awry; engagements made that you can't meet; notes to take up, and nothing to take them up with; having to go backing and filling along the 'Barbary coast,' which has been for months past resounding with the

'Loud lament,
The cry of holders o'er their
Sunken stocks,'

urged on by a pleasant feeling, as if the notary was after you in full chase; to have your mortgages, that you supposed would rest quietly in the hands of the saving fund or insurance company until you were ready to pay them, peremptorily called in at three days' notice, sending you to one conveyancer's office after another to meet the same answer in all, 'No money to be had.' When I had written this, I stopped to read it to my wife, as I am in the habit of doing; she is a most industrious woman, and accomplishes the fabulous quantity of sewing which our little family of eleven small boys and three girls makes necessary, with an energy which fairly appals me, who am a quiet, easy-going individual, rather disposed to take it easy and let things take care of themselves pretty much. I mean to buy her a sewing-machine when times get a little better, so that somebody can lend me money enough to pay for one; for I believe Mr. Wilson's agents decline giving trust, except in very uncommon cases, and my case is a very common one indeed. My wife bears these interruptions very amiably, and on this occasion, she looked up from her work and listened attentively, until I had finished, and then remarked:

'Talking of wanting money, what was the cause of the panic last fall?'

'That, my dear,' said I, 'is a very comprehensive question, and not easily answered. There have been a great many solutions of it offered, each more lucid and satisfactory than the others; some of them, indeed, throw such a blaze of light upon the subject, that it is dimmed into entire invisibility by their radiance.'

And thereupon I proceeded to overwhelm her with an explanation of the laws of trade and those of demand and supply, the causes of the fluctuations of stocks, the operations of bulls and bears, etc., which I flatter myself I made as clear as such incomprehensible and unreliable things can be made.

'When I had got through, I paused to observe the effect, standing with my hands crossed behind me under the tail of my wrapper, as I am accustomed to do when I have been roused to make any remarks of unusual profundity.

'My wife, who had listened very patiently, did not seem as much overwhelmed as I thought she might have been, but answered quietly :

'Well, my dear, I think I can find a simpler answer to the question than the long one you've been giving ; I do n't understand all that about stocks and bills of credit and time-sales and bulls and bears — disagreeable creatures ! — but I think the whole difficulty was caused by *the want of a great deal of money !*'

'Here was a practical, straight-forward solution for you ! One that went right to the root of the matter, and brushed away the cloudy web of sophistries in which the question had been wrapped, as cleanly as a brush in her hands sweeps away a spider's web that has surreptitiously got into a corner of the parlor ceiling. I now offer it boldly and without fear of contradiction, as the only satisfactory solution of the great question, 'What caused the panic ?' desiring that she should have the full credit of it.

'It was, I say, therefore, simply the result that followed from a good many people who supposed that they could command a great deal of money, finding themselves suddenly and unexpectedly disobeyed by it. That instead of money, they had only large expectations of it, which were to be realized out of something which depended upon something else, that was shored up in turn by something that was to be successful in case some other speculation did not fail that was sure to succeed, provided that some dozen or two of additional bubbles that were tied fast to it and helped to keep it afloat, did not burst ; a thing that was very possible, seeing they were all inflated to their utmost tension. Unfortunately, some of them did burst, and down came all the great rail-road balloons and the sugar-plums, exploding one after another, like a pack of crackers, and remorselessly setting fire to all the little private paper 'kites' which were fluttering around them, leaving nothing but the sticks to come rattling down on the heads of their holders. So the large expectations came to naught. They having come to naught, of course a great deal of conditional money came to naught with them, which produced a sudden want of a great deal of positive money ; which produced the panic, Q. E. D. ; also proving the fallacy of the arithmetical axiom, that naught added to naught, can produce nothing.

'To want money, is to be tied down to a desk in a dingy office, wearing out mind and soul in poring over musty parchments, or wading wearily through the endless verbosity of legal documents ; to dance attendance in fusty court-rooms, when you want to be in the free air and the sun-shine ; to work when you are tired and wake when you are sleepy ; to wear your old coat when you ought to have a new one ; to have your wife 'do up' her last year's bonnet, and make out with her four-years'-old cloak, while the children are kept decent in a way that nothing but a woman's ingenuity can explain. It is to be short in your rent, and in debt to your grocer ; to have your mind never free from care and anxiety, but always in a fret and fever ; it is to curdle the milk of human kindness, and make rancid the butter of amiability ; to make the sound of 'market' discordant to the ear, and the sight of the baker's tally an abomination to the eye.

'It is bad enough to want money which you are willing to earn ; but when it

comes to wanting money which you have fairly earned, and can't collect, then it becomes aggravating. There are plenty of men whom you would suppose to be in flourishing business, who are going behind-hand every day, just from this cause; men who bear themselves in public with unruffled faces and gay smiles, but whose hearts bitter care and anxiety, not for themselves, but for those dependent upon them, are slowly eating away.

'And now the moral of my Jeremiad is a great deal shorter than the Jeremiad itself; it is in three words: *Pay your Bills*, you who have the means, and don't hoard your money, for fear somebody else may forget to pay his; and then, don't make any more bills, but deal for cash, except in your large transactions, which are too heavy and dignified to be disposed of by any such summary process; so shall you give comfort to a great many people at a very cheap rate. For, with the money you pay to the grocer, he will pay the baker, who will pay the dry-goods-man, who will pay the coal-dealer, who will pay the butcher, who will pay the farmer, who will pay the country store-keeper, who will pay the wholesale dealer, who will pay his lawyer for managing that little suit, who will pay the doctor, who will pay somebody else, who will pay *you* that little bill that has been standing so long; and so it will go around, like a row of bricks stood on end, when the first one is tipped over; each one helping his neighbor on, and so benefiting all in turn, until the good deed comes back to where it started from, thus lightening a burden which is a great deal less grotesque in the feeling than it is in the telling.

'When I read the whole of this to my wife, she said it was a very good article indeed, (I have great confidence in her judgment,) and expressed her opinion exactly; only she said, I need not have told about the number of children; that was nobody's business but hers; but I knew that KNICKERBOCKER was fond of children, and would n't object to the number, so I concluded to leave it in.'

Let us hear from you again. - - - It has of course been impossible not to have remarked the *Great Religious Awakening* which has pervaded, during the last two months, not only our Great Metropolis, but villages and towns adjacent, and also far-distant portions of 'the States.' The unanimity, the simultaneousness, of this great movement, has been remarkable: and we have seen no more brief, and at the same time more comprehensive *resumé* of the 'moving *why*,' than the following sentences from the '*Evening Post*' daily journal of our city:

'The apparent absence of any immediate and special cause has been universally remarked. There have been no means used on the part of the clergy. On the contrary, laymen have been the leaders. *Young Men's Christian Associations*, recent and excellent organizations, have been most active in responding to the general interest in religion, by appointing the times and places of public meetings, and in conducting the exercises of daily worship. Controverted doctrines and dogmatic theology have been kept out of the meetings to an unprecedented degree. The 'turn or burn' dictum has given place to the 'new commandment.'

'The terrors of future punishment have not been held before the inquirer's mind, but rather the goodness of God, and His readiness to pardon the repentant. Instead of being driven, men have been persuaded to embrace Christianity. Even the secular press has been forced from its habitual and wise reticence in religious matters, and has aided by its publicity to spread the influence of the revival far and wide. The noon meetings for business men in all the large cities, interrupting the most pressing secular engagements, are highly indicative of the depth and sincerity, the breadth and strength of this tidal wave of religious emotion.' . . . 'The converts have been numbered weekly by thousands, and in all our newspaper exchanges, extending from one end of the country to the other, we find no indications of any diminution of religious interest, but rather every mark of its steady increase, from the large cities, where it first originated, to the small cities and villages, and even to the sparsely-settled country towns. From Maine to California, every religious

and many a secular paper, is burdened with the same news; and even Great Britain is sharing the general interest in the necessity of an improved spiritual condition.' . . . 'A great moral degeneracy has been for several years past exhibited in almost every department of our national, political, mercantile, and social life. The delusion of Spiritualism then had its sweep, and following the climacteric of its strength came the great financial revulsion, from whose disastrous blows trade, commerce, and industry are still staggering.' . . . 'Even while pitying the miserable victims of a delusion which has sent hundreds to lunatic asylums, and made fanatics of many others whose sincerity, earnestness, and temperament were not such as to force them to that last extreme, it is possible to see, and consoling to recognize, even in that delusion, an indication of the revulsion of popular feeling from the deadness of spiritual life which had preceded it, and an earnest though misdirected struggle for communion with the spiritual world. The recent financial disasters, too, have turned men's thoughts from the greed of gain; and stagnation of trade has both afforded the opportunity and given the occasion for reflection upon higher and purer themes. Without denying or asserting an immediate interposition of Divine influence in the origin of this revival, it is at least easy to trace a direct sequence in the course of the events we have described, and to discover in those events the causes of a part, if not of the great part, of the present religious excitement.' . . . 'With every elevation of the whole people in knowledge and culture, (so long as refinement does not lapse into enervation, and culture is combined with moral integrity,) so will every new manifestation and awakening of the inner spiritual life be upon a higher plane, and be more enduring and beneficent in their results.

'God is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Periodicity in the influence and power of His Spirit, is the consequence of man's acceptance or rejection of it. To a perfect church, revivals would be impossible, for its unbroken law would be that entire and humble dependence upon God, which should be the unchanging and habitual condition of every human soul.'

These are well-expressed truths. - - - FROM 'Crockett, Texas,' our original correspondent sends '*The San Jacinto Battle*,' 'wrote by KING D. D. SHIFLETT,' as before, with these remarks: 'By the inclosed, you will perceive that Mr. SHIFLETT, the commemorator of the death of 'LITTLE LEVI CALVERT DUFREE,' elated by the success which smiled upon that effort, has struck his harp-strings with a bolder and a freer hand. No doubt he now aspires to a national reputation; and with so genial an air as you can breathe upon him, there is no limit to his just expectations. Words of commendation, like charity, bless both the giver and the recipient.' And now to the 'pome:'

'THURSDAY, the twenty-first day of April,
Is long to be remembered by Texas;
For the battle of the San Jacinto;
'Twas in eighteen hundred and thirty-six,
That old, SAM lead the Texans to victory;
And reaped the laurels, and won the trophies,
Of the self-styled NAPOLEON of the West,
On the verdant plains of San Jacinto.

'SAM HOUSTON commanded, the battle raged;
The twin sisters thundering destruction,
To invading heroes of Mexico:
Loudly roared the cannons of Texas;
Awful was the fate of SANTA ANNA!
Awful cry, 'Remember the Alamo!
'Remember Goliad!' cried the Texans;
The Mexicans fled before the Texans.

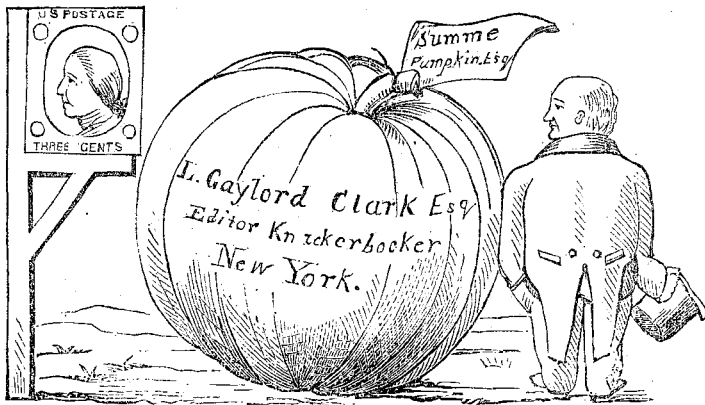
'General SAM HOUSTON bravely pushed forward;
And thus received a wound, and shed his blood;
For the rights, and liberties of Texas.
Onward cried old SAM, forgetting his wound:
The Mexicans retreating in wild dismay,
And surrendered to their brave captors,
The Dictator and commander in chief
Of Mexico was finally taken.

'General HOUSTON commanded the Texans,
On the beautiful Prairies of Texas;
Amid the gay blossoms and flowers of Spring;
And achieved for Texas, a noble sway,
Of independence, amongst the nations,
And states of every republic farm,
And honors, liberties, and patriotism,
To every surviving Texan hero.'

'*Macte virtute*,' Mr. SHIFLETT! - - - THE BROTHERS HARPER have issued a *New Descriptive Catalogue* of their publications, with an Index, and Classified Table of Contents, which will be of great service to gentlemen in town or country, who may be desirous to form libraries, or enrich their literary collections. It comprises a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature, and comprehends more than *two thousand volumes*, which are offered in most instances, at less than one-half the cost of similar

productions in England. Six cents in postage-stamps will secure its reception in any part of the Union. - - - Our mortification is extreme: our regret unbounded. *Why* did we not think, at the moment of penning the two introductory lines to '*Some Thoughts on Fancy Fairs*,' in our last number, that our hurried remarks were capable of misinterpretation? *ECHO* answers: 'Why didn't you *do* it?' To which we respond, '*Mea culpa — mea culpa: mea maxima culpa!*' — and 'throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court.' We have received the subjoined letter, addressed as follows:

ENVELOPE.



'*Mobile*, March 27, 1858.

'MY DEAR SIR: SHUCKS and GOBY were horticultural neighbors, and nurtured vegetables for amusement. GOBY frequently produced meritorious pumpkins, for which great praise was awarded him. SHUCKS, emulous also of fame, tried maturing one which was his hand at pumpkins, and exhibited it to an 'Agricultural Committee,' who instantly voted it to be a genuine GOBY, and by no means to be attributed to SHUCKS, saying that though indorsed by GOBY, they should n't be surprised if



GOBY himself 'had some little hand in it.' Thus the modest efforts of SHUCKS brought to him little credit,



and his cherished pumpkin, though good-naturedly indorsed by GOBY, was not, in fact, up to the GOBIAN standard of excellence. Both, therefore, became malcontent — SHUCKS at the loss of his labor, and GOBY at the damage to his reputation.

'Can the KNICKERBOCKER find a moral in this, and apply it to the article on '*Fancy Fairs*' in its April Number?

'Verily I am thine,

C — H. P —,
'alias 'BORAX.'

'L. GAYLORD CLARK, Esq., Ed. 'KNICK.'

Look at those drawings! - - - In a charming and picturesque valley in Pennsylvania, made memorable in the war of the Revolution, a fair young flower expands and bourgeons — the Rose of young Girlhood. She 'hath the dew of her youth.' From her unpractised pen, and untaught heart, proceeds the following: a wreath laid upon our pages by the welcome hand of an affectionate and admiring sister:

'**SWEARING**, crowding, laughing, talking, down the streets of New-York rushed the ever-varying tide-stream of life. Gayly-dressed women, business men walking as if it was the last day of their life; feeless lawyers, half-starved doctors, ragged news-boys, little pale-faced children, young and old, rich and poor, all sweep on together. The evening sun is shining over all; its light falls like a blessing on the holy and the sinful, the happy and the broken-hearted, and it falls on that glittering carriage rolling swiftly down the street. The horses arch their necks with pride and their small feet scarcely deign to touch the ground; and the fat old coachman sat erect in stately dignity, looking neither to the right nor left; and the footman, in his gorgeous livery, with a face resembling the color of a dried herring, looks serenely down on the gaping crowd. In that carriage rides one of the potentates of the earth, one of the great bankers of New-York. Men gaze after the equipage in admiring awe, and every time the banker's broad, red face is seen at the window, hats fly off in every direction. Women smile, children stare, and beggars shrink into the corners before the glance of **DIVES**. At length the carriage stops before a stately mansion in one of the avenues, and the triumph is at an end. The banker entered his home. There was no wife to welcome him there, he had never had such a foolish thing. There were no children to cluster round, he considered them nuisances; but there was a well-spread supper-table, for even great men eat sometimes. Having condescended to drink five cups of coffee, and eat a corresponding amount of ham, oysters, and cakes, he went into the entrance-hall of his splendid home. The straggling sun-beams crept into the room, and fell like flakes of golden hair on the marble floor. The banker hated the sight of golden hair ever since **WINNIFRED WAYNE**'s death. To be sure he made a speculation, a very good speculation, when his brother died and left his little daughter in his charge. **RICHARD WAYNE** was a business man, and he would have coined money out of **WINNIFRED**'s golden hair if he could, but still he did very well. **WINNIFRED** was precious in his sight, not because she was fair and lovely, but for the heap of gold those little waxen fingers had under their control. But **WINNIFRED** was dead now for ten long years; her golden hair had been coffin-dust. For ten long years the silence and mystery concerning her death had never been broken. This thought gave **RICHARD WAYNE** great satisfaction, and with a smiling countenance he ordered his carriage and drove to the opera. It was really beautiful to see the enthusiasm with which he was received there. His friends loved the banker well, and for his sake, they loved all he had about him, even his yellow gold. But in spite of all this adulation, there were strange dark thoughts rising in his mind when he arrived at home. He grew paler and more troubled still when he passed up the broad stair-case and stood alone in the dark gallery. A window was open at one end, and below in the silent streets he heard only the ringing tread of the watchman, and it made him feel very lonely. He paused at the door of an empty room and looked in. It was a bright, cheerful room, with fine old pictures smiling on the walls, and white draperies flowing round the bed, and white roses blooming in the vases on the mantle. It was a clear moon-light night, and the stars, the holy, peaceful stars, shone as brightly

down on that snowy couch as when years ago a slight, pale form rested there. The little couch was empty now, but as he looked, a black coffin seemed to be growing there, and the moon-light seemed to be golden hair streaming over the pillow. Deadly pale, with great drops of sweat bursting from his brow, with strained eyes and clenched hands, he stood there, while the empty rooms yawned around him and the night-wind swept over him and the imaginary coffin rose before him. For a moment he stood thus, and then he turned and tottered feebly to his own apartment. Arrived there, he walked up and down, hour after hour, for he could not sleep. Ah! RICHARD WAYNE, with all your wealth and power, you cannot win happiness. Memories of past deeds are forever rising in your soul—strange, bitter memories, that will never rest till the stains of blood on the rusty knife in the old court-yard fade away forever. If that rusty knife could speak, it might tell a strange tale of a stormy night, a fair young child smiling on her murderer's breast, of a spirit passing, of blue eyes closing forever beneath its keen, sharp blade.'

Very good, little ROSE-BUD! - - - THE Philadelphia '*Daily Press*,' of the twenty-fifth of March, has on the outer column of its first page, the subjoined startling announcement: 'A butcher in Lancaster, in this State, has just made two sausages, one seventy-six feet nine inches long, weighing sixty-three pounds, and the other seventy-five feet two inches long, and weighing fifty-eight pounds.' People ought to be careful what they 'insert into' newspapers. Now this paragraph we read just as we were ruminating bedward, after reading thirty-six pages of proof, for the present KNICKERBOCKER. Time, say twelve o'clock at night, for it was n't five minutes short of that hour. What was the result? That unnecessary, preposterous sausage followed us to bed, squirmed after us in our sleep, chased us, tried to bite us, and we caught him just in time to stop him from doing it! - - - 'REAL ESTATE is going up,' in Jerusalem! Just think of such an expression, and yet it is in a foreign extract, now before us. A recent letter from Jerusalem to a Parisian journal, says:

'Numerous caravans of Russian, Greek, and Armenian pilgrims have arrived here from different parts of Russia and Turkey. The Greek Patriarch is at the present time making extensive purchases of houses and land, both inside and outside the city. Russia is also making considerable purchases for the purpose of constructing religious establishments of different kinds. For some time past, the Greeks have been making use of all means to become sole or part proprietors of the ruins of the old habitation of the Knights of St. JOHN of Jerusalem, at a short distance from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.'

But if this, in these days, is remarkable, how much more so is the following '*Picture in Little of Modern Jerusalem, or Scenes in its Neighborhood*:' doubtless from the same writer—certainly from the same journal? It is in sad contrast with the sacred 'City of the Great KING,' so eloquently described in our last Number. Here is a spirited sketch of a visit paid to the '*Gardens of Solomon*:'

'FIRST he visited the 'sealed fountains'—large subterranean reservoirs, wherein the waters springing from the mountains are collected, and whence the water is conducted to Jerusalem by pipes. At a short distance from the reservoirs are the celebrated gardens. They extend along a valley which runs from El Bourache to Bethlehem. It is the most charming spot in all Palestine. SOLOMON was a good judge in more senses than one. There are murmuring streams winding through verdant lawns; there are the choicest fruits and flowers, the hyacinth, the anemone, the fig-tree and the pine. Towering high above the garden, and contrasting grandly with its soft aspect, are the dark, precipitous rocks of the neighboring mountain, around whose summits vultures and eagles incessantly

scream and describe spiral circles in the air. The rare plants and flowers which the great enchanter of the East collected within these gardens were protected from the north wind by the mountain. Every gust of the south wind was loaded with perfumes. With the first breeze of Spring the fig-tree put forth its fruits and the vines began to blossom. It was, in the words of Scripture, 'a garden of delights. The vegetations of the north and the south were intermingled. One part of the garden was called the Walnut-tree-walk, (or, as the English Scripture translation has it, the Garden of Nuts,) another is the Bed of Spices.' The writer's guide was a well-educated Italian, who informed him that the Gardens of Solomon are now let to an Englishman. 'The present tenant,' he said, 'is Mr. GOLDSMITH, of the house of GOLDSMITH AND SON. He is under-draining the gardens of SOLOMON on the Yorkshire system. You will be astonished to see how successful he has been. Here is the house.'

'I perceived a bright brass knob shining in the centre of a small square of porcelain let into a white wall. Over this knob was the following superscription in the English language: 'Ring the bell.' This bell seemed to my imagination rather an anomaly in the gardens of SOLOMON—but that is a trifle. We did ring the bell, and we went in. The first thing that struck my eyes were red draining-pipes lying about, and bearing the mark of the manufacturers, SAMUEL AND COMPANY, Number 123 Strand. Mr. GOLDSMITH was draining that biblical valley, the dew of which was so often brushed away by the naked feet of the Shulamite. It was in the month of September. An American mowing-machine was cutting a second crop of artificial grass on the very spot where the daughters of Jerusalem gathered those lilies of the field, which were more beautiful than SOLOMON in all his glory. A patent reaping-machine was rapidly garnering the crop of that glebe in which the sisters of RUTH and the daughters of NAOMI were wont to glean. I asked to see SOLOMON's pavilion; but, alas! the cypress timbers and the cedar wainscoting had been taken down, and in their place there is a brick-built cottage, with roof of red and green tiles. The entrance-hall is whitewashed; there is a little parlor, with a Birmingham carpet, and a drawing-room papered with a red-bordered yellow paper, purchased in Paris, *Rue des Moineaux*. The chimney is Prussian, and the curtains are of Swiss muslin. Instead of the servants of the spouse, I found two nursery-maids, one from Paris, and the other from Florence. The slave who prepares the tents of cedar, is now called 'JOHN.' He has red whiskers, blacks his master's shoes, scrubs the floor every day, and varnishes it on Sundays; and if some romantic person should inquire, as I had the *naïveté* to do, about the dark Shulamite, he will be shown five sweet little English children, redolent of cold cream and Windsor soap, as fair as floss silk, with their hair in cork-screw curls, and wearing prunella boots, blue capes, and green parasols. The cinnamon-trees have been cut down for fire-wood, and the aromatic canes grubbed up, but the five little misses do crochet work under the shade of a *bon Chretien* pear-tree. Since the Eastern war, Mr. GOLDSMITH has obtained the custom of the Pasha of Jerusalem for vegetables. Last year he had seven crops of potatoes, thanks to his wonderful drainage.'

SOLOMON—English GOLDSMITH—Yorkshire potatoes! What a combination of the sacred names of the Past with the men and things of this busy Present! The account seems fabulous. - - - 'SEEING the SEA-SERPENT' has become nearly as common as 'seeing the ELEPHANT.' The last specimen of the former was 'sighted' by the captain of an English vessel, near the islands of the group of Tristan d'Acunha. It was a snaky-looking creature; was pursued, captured, taken in tow, (or hemp,) brought alongside, raised to the deck, examined. The monster was twenty-three feet long, covered with small barnacles, and myriads of splendidly-colored blue and crimson crabs; the super-structure being a huge cylinder-like rope, tapering at the end, of long-accumulating, combining, commingling, rock-fastening sea-weed! 'Rear-Admiral HAMILTON' may say what he pleases in the *London Times*, in refutation of the aforesaid captain's statement; but we can tell him that wiser philosophers than even himself have been deceived in such matters. Did n't HORACE GREELEY and 'Old KNICK' start on an even race—he upon a bound, like a kangaroo, and we close at his heels, 'husbanding our wind'—from the old yellow 'Mission-House' at the Straits of Mi-chi-li-mac-inack, one evening when the sun was low, shining levelly from the West—did n't we rush down to the shore, to behold the 'SARPENT' 'bound up' from the deep-blue Huron, which

'creature' from the piazza we had surveyed with a good glass for an hour, amidst doubt and various comment? 'Was it The SARPENT?' It was not. It was simply a long, unbroken *wave-shadow*, softly-rising and gently-sinking, just as the loving sun was going over the distant Manitou-Islands, to die away in a halo of fading glory upon the broad bosom of Lake-Michigan. And such are the 'SEA-SARPENTS' of our great inland oceans. We had a horror of 'em *once*: but *now*, if we were to meet one of the most eminent of the 'sect,' in broad day-light, crawling slowly up the streets of Buffalo, 'speculatin' reöund,' we should just as lief stop and speak to him as not. - - - 'You made an inquiry in your March Number,' writes a Cincinnati friend, 'as to the author of the lines commencing:

"ONE eve of beauty when the sun
Was on the banks of Guadalquiver."

They are by a Spanish poet, by name MONTE MAYOR. I found the verses in *Catullus*: Bohn's Classical Library, page 87. I had seen them somewhere before, but can't recollect where.' - - - 'Do you know what a 'possum' is?' asks a Jacksonville (Florida) correspondent; 'if not, be it known to you that the 'possum' is in size like unto a 'woodchuck,' gray in color, feet like a squirrel, and color like unto a gray squirrel, but a tail long and like a rat's. Again, in this region, we have an animal similar to your gray squirrel, but a third larger, and color darker. With this preface, I'll tell a tale, as it was told me, and if not an old Joe, it is a good one. A party of Pat-ricians, who handle the shovel and the hoe on the railroad near here, went out for to hunt, and on their return brought in some fox squirrels, (the above-mentioned.) One 'broth of a boy,' however, had killed a 'possum,' an animal new to them. After several guesses as to the species, a wise one declared it was the 'ould feyther' of the squirrels; it being suggested by a doubter that the tail was bare, Pat quickly rejoined: 'It is his great age do you see, that has made him *bald*!' This proved a clincher, and the problem was solved satisfactorily to the sons of Erin, but the 'darkies' exploded incontinently.' - - In the matter of '*True Scientific Melody*,' as contradistinguished from the representations of the eminent 'executioners' of the 'music' now generally in vogue, the writer of a pregnant critique in the '*New-Orleans Delta*' daily journal, has hit the nail square upon the head. Hear him:

'NEXT came a 'fantasia' from *Norma*, (my left-hand neighbor inquired of me where that town was situated,) by the miraculous THALBERG, who sat down to the piano as if he had made up his mind to polish off *Norma* to its heart's content; which he proceeded to do, and did do. It was thrashed out of that piano till the instrument quivered with rage: it was banged into it, jerked through it, and dragged over it, as it were, by the hair of the head, until the very wires groaned again. After being thus brayed into a mortar, 'so to speak,' *Norma* was taken gently, and led trippingly up the scale, as if walking on eggs, and there made to dance and frisk about like a fairy spirit, while a deep rumbling down among the base notes, showed a vivid remembrance of the violence which had just been done to their feelings.

'The sparkling melody then subsided into sadness, into mellowness, into melting sweetness, and then into almost an 'echo of soft silence,' at which time you might have heard a pin drop, (a rolling-pin, for example, had any body so far forgotten the proprieties of the occasion as to bring to such a place that useful culinary implement.) Suddenly recovering itself, the piece started off afresh, this time into hysterics, warbling incoherently like an insane cockatoo, the notes tumbling over one another like boys let out of school, each out-screaming the other; when finally gathering up all his energies, the performer suddenly finished by a stunning blow at all the keys together, which closed the business at once for that piece, and settled Mr. NORMA forever.'

THALBERG, of course, is not to be praised: how *could* he be? But to proceed: we were present at the first performance of *VIEUXTEMPS* in this country. That he is a master of his art, no one can, or probably would attempt to,

doubt: but a warm friend and admirer, like the writer of the following, might even do such an *artist* as 'VEWX TEMPS,' as he was popularly called, dis-service in such 'considerable encomiation onto him.'

'THE performance by VREUXTEMPS of *Lucia* was so enthusiastically applauded as to bring him out again, and the audience fairly exploded when he commenced the national air of 'Yankee Doodle;' but silence was imposed at once by the ravishing notes with which that inspiring tune was rendered. It is difficult to conceive how this slender melody could have been arrayed in such an ample garb of splendor. Ingenuity must have been exhausted in devising the variations performed by this king of violinists. He played it 'low down,' and then high up on the E string—with all four parts at once—with the bow up against the bridge—without any bow at all; he played it backward and forward, and I believe sideways and crossways; began at the end and left off at the beginning; began at the middle and left off at both ends; then commenced at both ends and finished in the middle; twanged it like a guitar, growled it like a base-viol, ('A base violation of the time,' quoth my neighbor,) squeaked it like a fife, warbled it like a flute, and 'picked' it out like a banjo. It was 'Yankee Doodle' all the time, however: sometimes solus, like a boy whistling; anon as a duet, like a pair of harmonious cats; then again with all the 'variations,' all of which displayed and set off the original air as a multitudinous array of jewels adorns and enhances the beauty of the fair wearer.'

This matter has more in it than meets the eye. It is *not* a 'knavish,' but is a slavish 'piece of work.' You shall see anon: for 'A MASTER' in the art, (and he is *not* an 'ill bird that would foul his own nest;') not of our clime, and only speaking imperfectly our language; has given to us in detail the *modus-operandi* of *Opera-Doings in America since the Days of Garcia.* And the best of it is, there is not a musical artist or 'artisté' in New-York, at this moment, that could even 'guess his name!' They will probably know all about it by-and-by, however. - - - It is *always* a pleasure to sail up and down the broad and picturesque Hudson, in a safe and pleasant steamer most especially in the summer-time. To us, it is doubly so now, since our favorite boat, the 'ISAAC P. SMITH,' has resumed her place upon the line, from Haverstraw, Rockland-Lake, Nyack, Piermont, Yonkers, and New-York, in the morning, and returning in the afternoon. She has not only 'renewed her strength,' in new boilers, and other safeguards, but she has 'enlarged her borders,' and 'beautified herself exceedingly.' In short, without going into particulars, the 'ISAAC P. SMITH' is now one of the most tastefully-decorated, spacious, and thorough-going steamers of her tonnage, that plies upon any of the rivers and surrounding waters of New-York. This tribute is *due* to the liberality and the enterprise of the Messrs. SMITH: but *another* meed of praise is due. Captain COCHRAN 'presides.' To those who have sailed on the 'Armenia' to Albany; who have been passengers on board 'The Smith,' this simple announcement will be considered much more than common commendation. The simple *fact* is enough. - - - 'It is related' unto us, that 'once upon a time, Judge Mc F——, of the Fifth District of a certain far-western State was listening to an attorney by the name of WOOD, who was making a boisterous, thundering, Buncome speech in an uncertain cause. We used to call WOOD 'Old TIMBER.' Well, just as 'Old TIMBER' commenced to 'swing out' well, warm up, and 'spread,' an old jackass (that was hitched near the court-room) gave a deafening blast from his vocal shells: 'Go it, 'Old TIMBER!'' said the Judge: 'there's two of you now!' - - - Our friend, the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' in 'The Atlantic' Magazine, does any body know what that means—that 'Atlantic' Magazine?—any body out of Boston, let us add, because they know *there*, of course, what it means—con-

tinues his admirable papers in that promising monthly. In his person, we again pat our juvenile contemporary upon his five months' old occiput. Is that the right term, Doctor? If it is n't, make it sinciput, if that is any better. What we want is, don't you see, to 'be right on the record?' See '*Congressional Globe*,' for 1829, and the reports of all the stupid speeches that have been made since that time. All the Buncombe orators want to be 'right on the record.' But hear the 'AUTOCRAT.' No necessity of saying what he is talking about: you'll find that out soon enough:

'EVERY person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

'There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas! if none is given with it!

'If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim: *The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time; or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curb-stone, in Melbourne or San-Francisco; or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrification that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other.

'Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semi-tones—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as VIEUXTEMPS or THALBERG in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

'You remember the old story of the tender-hearted man, who placed a frozen viper in his bosom, and was stung by it when it became thawed? If we take a cold-blooded creature into our bosom, better that it should sting us and we should die than that its chill should slowly steal into our hearts; warm it we never can! I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming round these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the laces!

'A very simple *intellectual* mechanism answers the necessities of friendship, and even of the most intimate relations of life. If a watch tells us the hour and the minute, we can be content to carry it about with us for a life-time, though it has no second-hand, and is not a repeater, nor a musical watch—though it is not enamelled nor jewelled—in short, though it has little beyond the wheels required for a trustworthy instrument, added to a good face and a pair of useful hands. The more wheels there are in a watch or a brain, the more trouble they are to take care of. The movements of exaltation which belong to genius are egotistic by their very nature. A calm, clear mind, not subject to the spasms and crises that are so often met with in creative or intensely perceptive natures, is the best basis for love or friendship. Observe, I am talking about *minds*. I won't say, the more intellect, the less capacity for loving; for that would do wrong to the understanding and reason; but, on the other hand, that the brain often runs away with the heart's best blood, which gives the world a few pages of wisdom or sentiment or poetry, instead of making one other heart happy, I have no question.

'If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.

'But to radiate the heat of the affections into a clod, which absorbs all that is poured into it, but never warms beneath the sun-shine of smiles or the pressure of hand or lip; this is the great martyrdom of sensitive beings — most of all in that perpetual *auto de fé* where young womanhood is the sacrifice.

'You noticed, perhaps, what I just said about the loves and friendships of illiterate persons, that is, of the human race, with a few exceptions here and there. I like books: I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get into their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses. I don't think I undervalue them either as companions or as instructors. But I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, I think, if any; yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask in ABRAHAM to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honored by his company.

'What I wanted to say about books is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

'I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, Sir, said the divinity student, who should feel himself above SHAKESPEARE at any time.

'My young friend, I replied, the man who is never conscious of any state of feeling or of intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever, is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. Why, think for a moment of the power of music. The nerves that make us alive to it spread out (so the Professor tells me) in the most sensitive region of the marrow, just where it is widening to run upward into the hemispheres. It has its seat in the region of sense rather than of thought. Yet it produces a continuous and, as it were, logical sequence of emotional and intellectual changes; but how different from trains of thought proper! how entirely beyond the reach of symbols! Think of human passions as compared with all phrases! Did you ever hear of a man's growing lean by the reading of '*Romeo and Juliet*,' or blowing his brains out because DESDEMONA was maligned? There are a good many symbols even, that are more expressive than words. I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences, namely, to waste away and die. When a man can *read*, his paroxysm of feeling is passing. When he can *read*, his thought has slackened its hold. You talk about reading SHAKESPEARE, using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of SHAKESPEARE is one thing, and COLERIDGE's or SCHLEGEL's reading of him is another. The saturation-point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind which can only take up a little as for the great one which takes up much, that the suggested trains of thought and feeling ought always to rise above — not the author, but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may be.

'*I always believed in life rather than in books.* I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births, with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.

'Don't I read up various matters to talk about at this table or elsewhere? No: that is the last thing I would do. I will tell you my rule. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should n't be much used till they are seasoned.

'Physiologists and metaphysicians have had their attention turned a good deal of late to the automatic and involuntary actions of the mind. Put an idea into your intelligence and leave it there an hour, a day, a year, without ever having occasion to refer to it. When, at last, you return to it, you do not find it as it was when acquired. It has domiciliated itself, so to speak, become at home, entered into relations with your other thoughts, and integrated itself with the whole fabric of the mind. Or take a simple and familiar example. You forget a name, in conversation, go on talking, without making any effort to recall it, and presently the mind evolves it by its own involuntary and unconscious action, while you are pursuing another train of thought, and the name rises of itself to your lips.'

How 'matter-full' are these papers! - - - THE following friendly missive purports to come to us from '*Pochuck Mountains, New-Jersey.*' Where and what are the mountains of Pochuck? Are they 'pretty steep?'—and were they named after 'old Pochuck,' the original owner of the same? Likely as not: but 'want to *know*, you know:'

'ALTHOUGH quite 'out of the world,' we of the 'Jarseys' love to laugh as well as the most jovial of the 'great globe's inhabitants: so you may be sure that the KNICKERBOCKER has its full quota of readers in this vicinity. The region of country in which we live, although very pleasant, has the misfortune to be very little known in the great world; I doubt whether even you have ever heard of it before. So, partly to give you some little inkling of the existence of admirers of the KNICKERBOCKER here, and partly to communicate a specimen of Irish letter-writing, do I write. Our '*help*,' a buxom Irish girl, has a very devoted lover down East, who writes such 'lofty' letters to her, that they are entirely above her comprehension. We are obliged to translate each one into every-day language for her benefit. Such 'highfaluting!' What follows, is one of the letters copied verbatim:

'MY BELOVED BRIDGET: With feelings of the most profound respect and esteem, I respond the reception of your benevolent epistle, which I had the exultation of perusing on the seventh instant; and it has elevated my heart from the lowest depth of despair to the highest pinnacle of hope, to hear that you have diminished your poor health, and is now in salutary location, where your perfect health will be in augmentation, until you will be as you were before you have been affected with that fever, which I hope you have abolished.

'I calculate to leave off work on the twentieth of December, and to embark for Ireland: but I presume it is too expensive to come your way: and moreover than that, we would all be more sequestered by beholding each other than not.

'Give my best compliments to Uncle and Aunt SULLIVAN, and they two heroes, MIKE and PAT; and respond this letter with precipitation: do n't have me despondent of your reply.

'I must conclude by wishing your health may flourish in perfect and permanent felicity, is the wish of your true and constant lover,
PATRICK O' DONOHUE."

Almost equal to 'SAM,' our colored orator of Louisville, who so astounded us on one occasion. - - - We ride sometimes: yet our main exercise is 'of a-foote:' 'four miles and a bittock,' every blessed day this past winter, save a brief space, when we 'caughtéd an cold,' (as a French neighbor of ours said the other day,) which kept us housed—in extremely pleasant weather, too, more's the pity—for two or three days. We know what we missed: we might have been constrained, on our short daily pedestrian trip, to have waited for the wagon, and jumped in. Suppose the 'load' had been such as that described by an anonymous friend and welcome correspondent, (six or seven years ago,) now of the '*Wheeling, (Va.) Intelligencer?*' If we had been tired, we should have 'jumped in: 'We saw yesterday going up toward the upper ferry, a team of four animals; a horse, a pony, a mule, and a bull. The horse had the heavens; the pony was blind; the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for 'fly-time.' In the wagon, which was a shackling concern, there sat a white man, a crippled nigger, and a tame skunk, loosely bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines; the team held its own; and the nigger held the skunk; and they all moved forward.' If *we* had been there, we should have 'held our breath for a time.' We

must have 'given out!' - - - It was remarked, if we remember rightly, by Mr. N. P. WILLIS, in the '*Home Journal*,' that upon returning to town, after a prolonged absence, he was struck with the ease, freedom, and pleasing variety of garments worn in Broadway, by gentlemen of the city; and this circumstance he traced to the extensive advantages presented by the better class of Ready-made Clothing Establishments. Nothing could be more true. Nor is it at all to be wondered at. Let any person, for example, enter the lofty, extensive, splendid marble establishment of Messrs. DEVLIN AND COMPANY, corner of Broadway and Warren-street, and the fact, and its cause, will be made doubly manifest. At all prices, (and, *ad valorem*, 'according to value, all reasonable,) may be found garments of every kind, of the best materials, English, French, and domestic, all made in the most faithful manner, and in the first style of excellence as regards 'fitness' to the person, and general elegance of style. Such establishments are public blessings, and we rejoice at their great success. Contrast, if you please, the times past, in respect of this matter, with times present; when your tailor told you *what* you must wear; how to *select* it from a pattern-card of pattern gentlemen, (intellectual creatures!) and *how* to wear it when selected. And *such* prices! It is not too much to say, that now the same garments, equally good, equally well-made, and equally tasteful, may be obtained for nearly less than half the money then demanded, and *paid*, too. - - - Some English journal—we cannot now recall its name, although we should be glad to do so, for the reason of its discernment and feeling, as manifested in the number to which we now allude—once turned two pages of a popular work of DICKENS from prose into poetry: and nobler blank-verse could scarcely be constructed, by the most careful, thoughtful meditation. Let us, if you please, reverse this process, for the nonce, and reduce the noble opening hexameters of LONGFELLOW, to—not 'plain,' but most exquisitely poetical prose:

'This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic; stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms. Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

'This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman? Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers: men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven? Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed! scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them afar o'er the ocean. Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

'Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient, ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion, list to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest; list to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

'In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number. Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant, shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows. West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended. There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the

Acadian village. Strongly-built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut, such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the HENRIS. Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting over the basement below, protected and shaded the door-way. There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sun-set lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys, matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens. Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them. Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens, hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome. Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village, columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment. Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers: dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics. Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows; but their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners; there the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas, BENEDICT BELLE-FONTAINE, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, gentle EVANGELINE lived, his child, and the pride of the village. Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes; white as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves. Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side; black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses! Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows. When in the harvest-heat she bore to the reapers at noon-tide flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them, down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal, wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings, brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom, handed down from mother to child, through long generations. But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession, homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea, and a shady sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it. Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a foot-path led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow. Under the sycamore-tree were hives, over-hung by a pent-house, such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side, built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of MARY. Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses. Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard. There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows; there were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio, strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent PETER. Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase, under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft. There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates murmuring ever of love: while above in the variant breezes numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré lived on his sunny farm, and EVANGELINE governed his household. Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion; happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment! Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended, and as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her foot-steps, knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village, bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance, as he whispered hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music. But, among all who came, young GABRIEL only was welcome; GABRIEL LAJEUNESSE, the son of BASIL the blacksmith, who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men; for since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations, has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people. BASIL was BENEDICT's friend. Their children, from earliest childhood, grew up together as brother and sister; and Father FELICIAN, priest and pedagogue both

in the village, had taught them their letters out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song. But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed, swiftly they hurried away to the forge of BASIL the blacksmith. There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-thing, nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel lay like a fiery snake, coiled around in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness, bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice, warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows; and as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes, merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle, down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings; lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow! Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action. She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. 'Sun-shine of Saint EULALIE' was she called; for that was the sun-shine which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; she, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance, filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of children.'

If that, in conception, and in *perfect* execution, is not the perfection of observation and delineation, pray tell us what is. You can *look* upon the scenes depicted, as upon a moving panorama. - - - Two 'Good Things' from a new and welcome friend in New-Hampshire: 'Perhaps a New-Hampshire item may not be disagreeable. A certain college President in this State, some years ago, on visiting his students familiarly, discovered an uncommon pile of suspicious bottles in the closet. The offender was summoned. 'JONES,' said the President, 'be seated. I observed, Sir, a large number of bottles in your room. Can you tell me their use?' 'Oh! yes, Sir; I brought several bottles of sweet cider from home!' 'Cider, eh? Well, young gentleman, I have known men of great respectability, who—who sometimes so far gave way to their passions as to—to drink gin, brandy, or even rum; but when a young man is so far lost as to—to be guzzling *sweet cider*, there is little hope for him. You can go, JONES.' JONES went, but the 'Theologs' complained the next morning of an unusual noise in JONES' room.' — 'We furnished a President once. In the time of the California excitement, he and some others raised money to send an unfortunate friend to the land of gold, and secured themselves by an insurance on his life. E—— went, but the climate was unhealthy. He feared he was going to be sick, and hurried home, without waiting for his 'pile.' He, supposing all would be glad to see him, as he was rejoiced to be seen, rushed up to the law-office and presented himself. 'You see I'm home—*safe*,' said he. 'You here, E——? Why an't you in California?' 'Oh! it was sickly, and I was afraid.' 'Well, good gr-a-cious! you might at least have died!' - - - If there be one sight in the world more supremely ridiculous—perhaps even more ridiculous than saddening—it is that of a voluble drunken man. Such an one we saw the other day. He was reclining on his elbow, within two feet of the end of a wharf, off from which, had he fallen, he would most assuredly have been drowned. Upon being spoken to, and asked 'What he was doing there?' he replied, in what sentimental novelists term 'broken accents,' '*None-o'-your-biznez*: wish to God I waz-an-Indian!—that's all *I* hope! My uncle wanted me to go up to Round-Hampton, North-Hill brandy-and-water-cure office. Ha! ha! ho! ho! Ketch me at *that*! Miz'ble place—miz'ble!' 'Where do you live, and what

is your business?' 'I'm living *here*, just at present — ha! ha! ha! — and my biz'ness is a lawyer.' 'Do you practise?' Not-at-present: did last week: case of assault, with attempt to batter: got beat by a miz'able pet-pet-pet-fogger!' Poor fellow! - - - THE 'CALLIOPE' has disappeared from the Hudson, thank fortune, some time since; but a friend writes us that the '*Steam-Organ*' takes wonderfully among the steam-craft of the 'Father of Waters,' as the ears of many a musical traveller can testify, and that, to his great discomfort and annoyance, and with regret that one has 'ears to hear' that most *odious* of melodious machines. Had LUTHER lived at the present day, he would be forced to 'qualify' his theory that, 'Music is the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the DEVIL to flight;' he would hear sounds which more readily conjure up the Satanic presence than allay 'the agitation of the soul;' as the following account of a recent occurrence will testify. Not long since, on a quiet Sabbath day, in a small village, (situated on one of the tributaries of the Mississippi, where the steam-organ had never been heard,) the good citizens were assembled in church, engaged in divine worship. In the midst of the sermon the hearers were startled by strange, unearthly sounds which filled the church, and which, in their alarmful surprise they imagined to be the 'last trump,' and, in their dismay, without pausing longer to listen, -they rushed in terror from the church to hear — not that the 'Day of Judgment' had arrived — but, 'The other side of Jordan,' which the coming steamer was whistling in full blast!' Happily the '*Glen-Cove*' no longer vexes the smooth Tappaän-Zee. - - - Our friend and correspondent, Col. JAMES W. WALL, of Burlington, (New-Jersey,) delivered recently in that pleasant and quiet city by the Delaware, a lecture upon '*Woman as She Ought to Be.*' We can well believe that it 'was received by a crowded hall with marked favor.' The two passing tributes to FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and Dr. ELISHA KENT KANE, are certainly eloquent:

'FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE! — she who left a wealthy, happy home, with all its genial associations, and all its luxurious comforts; closing the door against those social attractions which her varied accomplishments enabled her so well to appreciate; going to a country, where every thing spoke of desolation, cruelty, and death; filling with the light of her beautiful presence the dark wards of Scutari's hospital; gliding like a ministering angel along the corridors of that asylum of suffering and pain; holding up the head, and bathing the death-damps from the brow of the agonized sufferers, as the glancing steel of the tired surgeon lopped off limb after limb, or probed the deep and tender recesses of nerves and muscles, where the vagrant bullet had buried itself out of sight!

'Surely, if there was bravery in dashing up the heights of the Alma, or breasting the wall of steel and fire against which that handful of brave English cavalry hurled itself at Balaklava, the fore-casting heroism, the self-sacrificing spirit and heavenly graces of this sweet lady, rank yet higher in all those qualities that adorn human nature, and almost 'lift a mortal to the skies.'

THE allusion to Dr. KANE, although equally brief, is not less eloquent and effective. This passage, like the one which precedes it here, occurs near the close of the lecture:

'T is in the dark mid-night of an Arctic winter, as he stands by the icy mounds that cover the remains of some of those whom he had left the comforts and endearments of home to rescue, while he pours out his grief, as his manly heart runs o'er with its own fulness — a heart which was as a lion's; brave, but still soft and gentle as that which beats within the heaving bosom of the tenderest of women. He sought the living, but he found the dead; and stricken with the fierce disease engendered by the hardships encountered in his own self-denying humanity, returns to die beneath the bright and glowing sky of the tropics; hearing the hymn of death, as it was borne

to him through an atmosphere fragrant with flowers, and watched over and tended by a mother's holiest love:

'STILL grasping in his hand of ice
The banner with the HEART's device '— HUMANITAS.

'THERE in the twilight soft and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star '— HUMANITAS.'

An interesting original paper, from the pen of Col. WALL, upon the British Parliament, will be found in preceding pages of the present Number. He has used his eyes to some purpose, during his recent extensive travels in Europe. His paper will richly reward perusal. - - - WE have never done laughing, and likely as not we never shall, while we have the capacity of thinking, at that awful satire of CHARLES LAMB's upon a 'pompious' young ass, in the English Navy, who mainly monopolized the conversation at a hospitable table of a friend in Camden-Town, where LAMB was an honored guest. 'That is a most extraordinary circumstance which you mention,' said LAMB: 'I wonder he had not immediately ceased to exist.' 'Oh, no-o-o: not at all: a mere bullet-wound, do n't you see: but a ball—a cannon-ball, do n't you observe, is a different matter? Once, on the *Terrific-Johannesbull*, (478 gun-ship, ye kno'), there was a sailaw who mounted the swawouds: a bawl came, and took off his 'ands and harms: he d'wopped, of caws: but *w'ile* he was d'wopping, do n't ye see, there came *another* cannon-ball, which struck him abaaft, and took off both of his legs. It could n't possibly 'ave 'appened, you observe, in ten cases out of five, in the most te'wifick engagement.' 'Wonderful!' exclaimed LAMB: 'and you *saw* this yourself?' 'I saw it as plain (praps, on the 'ole, plainer) than what I see you at this mo-ment!' 'Ah! was the seaman saved? You say he dropped a 'elpless 'ulk into the hocean:' but was he hultimately saved?' 'Good GEN, no?—harms gone—legs shot hoff, do n't you see?—'ow could he s'vim? *Lost*, of course!' 'What a pity!' said LAMB, musingly: 'if that man had been saved, he *might have become an ornament to Society!*' - - - ONE of our bowels became a little out of order the other day; and we sent down to RUSHTON AND ASPINWALL, north-east corner of the ASTOR-House, by our good and faithful SARVENT, ('JAKE' is his name, 'for short,') our 'express'-agent from the borders of the Tappaan-Zee to the Metropolis; known of all men hereaway, and at least one woman, he having been married recently to a lovely young lady. They—we allude to the PILLS—came in a small tin tube—'Yankee all over.' They came from Windham, Connecticut; to which now ancient town, in the Revolutionary times that tried men's fears, the frogs took up, one dismal night, in a single broad column, their croaking march. 'LEE's is 'an article of pill, as is A PILL: 'which nobody can deny!' - - - NEW-HAMPSHIRE must be fruitful in witty and satirical 'men of mark,' legal, clerical, and other. Here is another specimen:

'THOSE familiar with New-Hampshire legislation and legislators twenty years ago, well recollect 'Father BROWNSON,' 'Old BROWNSON,' or 'Daddy BROWNSON,' as he was variously styled by his friends, familiars, or detractors, as the case might be. Whoever saw him shuffling about in the time-worn white-wool hat, blue coat with brass buttons, bottle-green vest, and corduroy breeches, would have supposed

the 'member from Landaff' the legitimate subject for a joke—an illusion generally quickly dispelled to the cost of him who essayed the experiment.

'He was much annoyed, through one of the sessions, by the impertinence of a certain young sprig of divinity, to whom the favoring indulgence of a constituency in one of the Western towns had given a seat as representative. Father BROWNSON had withstood all temptation to reply to the many impertinences of his dinner-table and legislative associate till nearly the close of the session, when a discussion arose at dinner on the question, *whether there existed such a sentiment as a purely disinterested benevolence.*

The clergyman, with some warmth, and at much length, argued that no benefit was ever conferred, unless those who conferred it did so with the expectation of a return for the act in some material good. The discussion, in various aspects, went round the table, till Father BROWNSON was called on for his opinion. He declared his full conviction that disinterested benevolence did exist, and, in proof, passed in review the arguments of those who preceded him. 'Take as an illustration,' said he in conclusion, 'my friend Rev. Mr. ——. Now I am informed that a certain religious society in W—— actually pay over to him six hundred dollars a year. If *that's* not disinterested benevolence, what *is* it?'

'Rev. Mr. W—— was missing at the 'application' of the 'discourse.'

THE general conception of death, it is contended by the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, is vague and unreal; too much like the ancient poetic dreams of an Elysian land, and a Tartarean region; whereas it should be deemed but a necessary stage in the progress of being; a natural passage from the childhood to the maturity of our existence. We must change the form and mode of our existence, that we may exist in a higher sphere. The soul must drop its 'mortal coil,' that the now undeveloped, half-dormant powers that mysteriously sleep within it, may awake to their intellectual and immortal life. It may be as unconscious now of what it is hereafter to become, as the worm that crawls upon the earth is of rising to the air and light of heaven. The transformation may be as great, and as much more glorious, as intellect is more glorious than dark and blind instinct. In allusion to the departure of friends and kindred for another world, Mr. DEWEY remarks:

'WITH a firm confidence in the perpetuity of all pious and virtuous friendships, there is much, surely to mitigate the pain of a temporary separation. Let us remember, too, that we do submit to frequent separations in this life; that our friends wander from us over trackless waters, and to far distant continents, and that we are still happy in the assurance that they live. And though, by the same providence of God that has guarded them here, they are called to pass beyond the visible precincts of this present existence, let us feel that they still live. God's universe is not explored, when we have surveyed islands, and oceans, and the shores of earth's spreading continents. There are other regions, where the footsteps of the happy and immortal are treading the paths of life. Would we call them back to these abodes of infirmity and sin?'

'It seems to us strange, it seems as if all were wrong, in a world where from the very constitution of things death must close every scene of human life, where it has reigned for ages over all generations, where the very air we breathe and the dust we tread upon was once animated life—it seems to us most strange and wrong, that this most common, necessary, expedient, and certain of all events, should bring such horror and desolation with it; that it should bring such tremendous agitation, as if it were some awful and unprecedented phenomenon; that it should be more than death—a shock, a catastrophe, a convulsion; as if nature, instead of holding on its steady course, were falling into irretrievable ruin.

'And that which is strange, is our strangeness to this event. Call sickness, call pain, an approach to death. Call the weariness and failure of the limbs and senses,

call decay, a dying. It is so; it is a gradual loosening of the cords of life, and a breaking up of its reservoirs and resources. So shall they all; one and another in succession, give way. 'I feel'—will the thoughtful man say—'I feel the pang of suffering, as it were piercing and cutting asunder, one by one, the fine and invisible bonds that hold me to the earth. I feel the gushing current of life within me to be wearing away its own channels. I feel the sharpness of every keen emotion, and of every acute and far-penetrating thought, as if it were shortening the moments of the soul's connection and conflict with the body.' So it is, and so it shall be, till at last, 'the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns unto God who gave it.'

'No; it is not a strange dispensation. Death is the fellow of all that is earthly; the friend of man alone. It is not an anomaly; it is not a monster in the creation. It is the law and the lot of nature:

'Nor to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone.
Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rocked-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green, and poured round all
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
Are but the solemn decorations all,
Of the great tomb of man.'

'But of what is it the tomb? Does the spirit die? Do the blessed affections of the soul go down into the dark and silent grave? Oh! no. 'The narrow house, and pall, and breathless darkness, and funereal train,' these belong not to the soul. They proclaim only the body's dissolution. They but celebrate the vanishing away of the shadow of existence. Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die. We bury not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle in which for a time our friend lived. The cold impassive clay is not the friend, the parent, the child, the companion, the cherished being. No, it is not, blessed be God, that we can say, *It is not!* It is the material mould only that earth claims. It is 'dust' only that descends to 'dust.' The gravel! let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity, his diseases, and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases—in all that is frail and decaying—ceases to be man, that he may become, in glory and blessedness, an angel of light!

'Why, then, should we fear death, save as the wicked fear, and must fear it? Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting-place, and this weary, aching head on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this—that in the long sleep of the tomb, that body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want, nor the groans of distress—and, far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass nightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storms shall howl unheard around its lowly bed? Say, ye aged and infirm! is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care and toil! say, ye afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

'Oh! no. Come the last hour, in God's good time!—and a well-spent life and a glorious hope shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release!—and affliction shall make it welcome. Come the hour of reunion with the loved and lost on earth! and the passionate yearnings of affection, and the strong aspirations of faith, shall bear us to their blessed land. Come death to this body!—this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body!—and to the soul—thanks be to God who giveth us the victory!—to the soul come freedom, light, and joy unceasing! Come the immortal life! 'He that liveth,' saith the Conqueror over death, 'he that liveth and believeth in Me, shall NEVER DIE!'

How do the skeptic doubts, and the thoughts of annihilation, which at times mingle with our apprehensions of death, melt away before such sublime views of mortality as these! Shall MAN alone utterly cease to be, while in the 'great circle of eternal change, which is the life of Nature,' nothing is that wholly dies! 'The drop,' says that thoughtful observer, CARLYLE, 'which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest

it swept away. Already, on the wings of the north wind, it is nearing the tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught that God hath made, that is motionless, without force, and utterly dead? - - - 'I TAKE the liberty,' recently writes a friend from the 'Illinois State Hospital for the Insane,' 'to send to you a letter received by an insane lady in this hospital from her little boy at home, six years of age. It has seemed to us, from the circumstances of the parties, an extremely touching expression of child-like affection.' And so *it is*, dear Sir: so every mother must consider it, and every other person, who is capable of appreciating a parent's feelings. The letter is genuine: coming to us with the post-mark, and in the child-like hand-writing of the dear little boy himself. We shall not attempt to punctuate it, or alter it so much as by a single word:

'Galena March 20th 1858

'DEAR MOTHER: Do write to me mother, and do come home by the time summer comes. Will you dear mother and I will gather you ever so many flowers, and every saturday will go out on the hills by the brewery where I know there are a great many flowers and I will pick them for you. I will bring home large bunches of them and you can pick out such as you like best and put them in your china vases, which have been on the mantle-piece where you used to Keep them ever since you left home. Then I have a little garden back of the house which has in it ribon grass, arons rod, violets, culumbine, and several other flowers, and you shall have them all if you will come home. And I have some strawberry plants and if they bear any berries I will give them all to you. Besides I want you to walk with me as you used to do. You will come wont you mother and you will write me and tell me when Father shall come and bring you home.

'Your loveing little

NEWHALL.'

Poor little fellow! — unhappy mother! - - - 'Nor long ago,' we are given to understand, 'an attorney with considerable *'swell,'* but not much brains, came to C —, in Ohio, to 'locate.' One day when the post-office was full, awaiting the distribution of the mail, a half-witted fellow stepped up to him in the crowd, and said: 'Mr. S —, I am told you have come here to practise law.' 'Yes: I have.' 'Well, you will find it a first-rate location. I had n't lived here four months, before I was sued ten times!' 'Well, it seems to me I could live here four years without being sued at all.' 'I presume you could,' said our half-witted friend: 'people here are pretty darned smart: they do n't sue a fellow without he's good for the costs!' A 'loud smile,' which your New-York bloods would call a 'horse-laugh,' 'took' that crowd *verbatim*, and the 'law-limb' vanished. - - - It is difficult to say whether the following reflects most upon the reverend PRESIDENT referred to, or to his 'victims,' from one of whom we receive it: 'The President of E—— College, in the south of New-York, is 'favorably known as an Amateur Artist,' and being not long since engaged on a large painting, a scene from Biblical History, he showed a rough sketch of it to two young ladies, saying: 'You, of course, recognize the story.' 'Oh! yes,' said one, 'is it not a group of Satyrs dancing around an oak?' The second suggested that it was a 'band of Druid priests worshipping around their sacred tree.' 'Oh! no,' calmly replied the reverend gentleman, 'it is the brethren of Joseph rendering up his torn coat to their father.' Words

cannot express his horrified amazement at the *heathenish* error into which two of his flock had been betrayed.' - - - 'GUY LIVINGSTONE,' writes from Paris our friend and correspondent, CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, (to whom we attributed it,) 'is the maiden effort of Mr. G. A. LAWRENCE. This much I know, and nothing more can I tell you. Publisher PARKER is as sparing of his words as if they were pearls and diamonds, like those of the damsel in the fairy tale. It is a great deal to have got the above out of him. I want *you* to tell me who MACE SLOPER is.' We *have*. - - - Now we know, and have long held, with the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*,' that 'EDUCATION is the creōwnin glory of the United'n Statse'n.' At the same time, '*Education*,' (so spelled in an essay under our eye at this moment,) is not readable material for a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER. So, at least, we think, and decide accordingly. '*On Education*,' therefore, awaits the writer's requisition at the publication-office. He is a *spid* contributor: the highest praise we can award. - - - 'I SEE,' writes a friend from Waterford, New-York, 'in the March Number of the '*Eclectic*,' an article entitled '*The Chemist's Dream*,' credited to the '*Leisure Hour*,' which seems to me like an altered version of the original, published in your Magazine in April, 1845. If it appears the same to you, I presume you will not let it pass without an appropriate notice, at least, in behalf of the author, now in the distant land of Siam.' Our correspondent is entirely correct. The plagiarism is a gross one by an English magazine! - - - We have received, and also duly returned the political letters of our 'Arkansaw' friend, which he had sent to 'EMERSON Magazine.' We are still 'determined' — the same as before. The writer says: 'I do certify that the above communication was formed and Written within myself, and no other man living had any Hand or agency in forming or writing it in which I can Cherfully swear too!' We have not the slightest doubt of their authenticity! - - - GENIN has hit the 'nail square on the head.' He 'publishes' no more quarterly hats, compelling the public to exhaust the whole 'edition.' He keeps for sale twelve different styles, native and imported, and every customer can select for himself. He says:

'I SEE no reason why the hatter should be permitted to put the heads of all his customers, portly and slim, short and tall, into a cylinder of precisely the same shape and height; with a flange or brim of precisely the same width and curl, merely because he has predetermined that such shall be his 'leading fashion' for the season. The like dictation would not be submitted to in affairs of much more trivial moment; and I cannot understand why despotism in dress, any more than despotism in other departments of social economy, should be tolerated in an independent community. If we were all *fac similes* of each other in features and form, it might be well enough, perhaps, that we should all wear hats of one shape; but as Providence has made no two of us alike, what can be more absurd than the idea of fitting thousands of heads with a covering which one man, in his egotism, or blind devotion to precedent, chooses to say shall be his specialty for the Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter? This is not all. The martinet of fashion, who thus lays down the law to his customers, and insists that they shall conform to it, is false to his own interests. Having issued his 'leading style,' his taste and genius — if he have any — may as well go to sleep for the season. He may have a bright after-thought, which quite throws into the shade his first design; but he cannot use it. The exclusive style bears the sway. His whole stock has been manufactured after one model, and he dare not introduce another, however meritorious, lest he should spoil the sale of his 'leader,' and injure his *prestige* as an indefatigable dictator of fashion.'

Now this is 'plain common-sense.' - - - THE present number was closed for the stereotypers on the sixth of April. On the evening of the fifth was held the *Pads Festival of the St. Nicholas Society*, at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel. It was a 'precious season,' as we can testify. A report of the proceedings, after mature deliberation, will appear in our next number.